THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1935

THE LEAGUE AND ABYSSINIA

BY SIR EDWARD GRIGG, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.P.

THERE is a strong feeling in this country that the future of the League will be deeply affected by its handling of the Abyssinian question, and therewith a demand in many quarters for immediate action upon it by our Government at Geneva. So much depends in truth upon the line which we take that it is surely our duty to look at every facet of the question and to weigh the justice no less than the expediency of any course that we may advise the League to follow. Mr. Baldwin is fond of quoting Lord Balfour's dictum about " the many-sidedness of truth " in political controversy. This Abyssinian business is no exception, though it is clear that there are powerful bodies of opinion in England which see only one side of it.

That is not unnatural, for Signor Mussolini has done nothing to smooth our national susceptibilities and much to exacerbate them. He has for some years past been using language about war and the military virtues which is, to us, nothing short of repellant. When he declares, in a speech officially communicated to the Press of the world by the Italian Government, that " the whole life of the nation, political, economic and spiritual, must be systematically directed towards our military requirements ", we appreciate afresh the reasons which led the Vatican to refuse the State the complete control which he demanded for it over Italian education. Dictatorships, however, have their own idiom ; and if theirs is distasteful to us we should recognize that our democratic and parliamentary idiom may seem a horrid jargon to them. It would not therefore be just to allow ourselves too much indignation over some of the phraseology which has livened the clash of opinion between him and us. The League,

if it is to be a harmonizing influence, must strive to bridge these gulfs. I do not suggest indeed that they are mere matters of style, but only that their importance may be exaggerated, and that the sulphurous eloquence with which the Italian case is presented cannot absolve us from doing our best to detach the substance of it from the burning gases which envelop it.

The same allowance must, I suggest, be made for the mendacious campaign waged against us by the Italian Press. Press campaigns in south-eastern Europe are characterized by a lack of scruple and a fertility of invention beside which our wildest excesses seem infantile in their simplicity. If, however, there exists a Nobel or ignoble prize for this kind of literature, Signor Gayda must surely be awarded it this season. Let us admit that, in view of our own record, some of the comment passed on Italian ambitions in our Press and even in Parliament must seem to Italians to have an irritatingly Pharisaic character. We need not complain if these have provoked some spirited retaliation. But the manufacturing of downright inventions about our activities in and on the borders of Ethiopia, and the steady repetition of these utterly baseless statements when the British Foreign Secretary himself has taken the trouble to refute them—this stands in a class apart, and has done immeasurable harm to the Italian case in this country, however much it may have stimulated warlike fervour in Italy. The truth probably is that the Italian people are not so set upon the Abyssinian adventure as their Government, and that the latter therefore has reason to counter any influence which our comment might exert upon Italian feeling. Let us then dismiss the anti-English campaign from our minds. Though it certainly weakens the presentation of Italy's case, it does not affect the substance of it any more than the Duce's fulminations. It is our duty, seeing how insufferably rich we are, to exercise ourselves, and to move the League to exercise the widest possible understanding of Italy's grievance in regard to her own lack of rich possessions.

We should do so all the more readily because it is of vital consequence that Italy, on her side, should appreciate the strength of our feeling upon another most important facet of the controversy. It is barely three months since Signor Mussolini put his signature to the following final declaration of the three

Powers, France, Italy, and Britain, which met in conference at Stresa :

> The three Powers, the object of whose policy is the collective maintenance of peace within the framework of the League of Nations, find themselves in complete agreement in opposing by all practical means any unilateral repudiation of treaties which may endanger the peace of the world, and will act in close and cordial collaboration for this purpose.

This declaration was followed up by a resolution of the Council of the League, in which Italy, with the other members, proclaimed that " respect for all treaty obligations is a fundamental principle of international life " and, further, that " it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty nor modify the stipulations thereof unless with the consent of the other contracting parties ". I admit at once that we ourselves have, in a logical sense at any rate, weakened the force of this declaration by our unilateral action in concluding a naval agreement with Germany. Italy can certainly quote that action against us. But there are two considerations which seem to me completely to invalidate any suggestion that our unilateral action in regard to Germany justifies the unilateral action which Italy proposes to take in regard to Abyssinia. In the first place, Germany's breach of the Treaty of Versailles by open re-armament having been denounced as a precedent, with bell, book, and candle, it was generally agreed that the fact of German re-armament must be, for the future, accepted. It is therefore nothing more than a technical case which can be urged in that matter against our Government. But in the second place our action was not directed towards any breach of the peace of Europe ; on the contrary, it was a positive step towards peace and the limitation of re-armament. If Italy now were departing from the Stresa and Geneva resolutions only in order to further peace and reduce the danger of an appeal to force in Abyssinia, we should certainly not disparage her action by pointing out that it was not technically correct in all particulars.

English opinion, then, has every reason for feeling that an Italian invasion of Abyssinia in defiance of the Covenant, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and the Abyssinian treaties—to all of which Italy surely reaffirmed her faith when she signed the Stresa and Geneva resolutions—would be a blow to the League from which

it could barely recover, and that we are therefore not merely entitled, but bound, to join with other Powers, if they will join with us, in doing what is possible to show that Articles X and XVI of the Covenant are not a dead letter. So strong is opinion on this point—supported as it is by the great authority of Sir Austen Chamberlain—that English opinion would, in all probability, prefer to see our Government making that declaration alone and single-handed at Geneva, and the League itself suffering the defection of Italy, than that the League should stultify and degrade itself by turning a deaf ear to the appeal which will certainly be made, with unanswerable reason, by Abyssinia. If opinion is already roused in Italy on one side of this controversy, it is most assuredly rising upon the other side in England. We shall feel, quite as much as the Italian people, that our honour is at stake, and we shall take our stand accordingly. Inevitable, however, as that attitude will be, if Italy continues to insist on unilateral action it cannot, for all its loyalty to principle, prevent a further loss of faith in collective security under the League of Nations and a further dangerous weakening of the foundations of peace in Europe. That way lies so dark and threatening a horizon that we in this country must still, at the eleventh hour, strive our utmost, despite all provocation, to find a way out of the impasse without sacrifice of principle ; and the very heart of our endeavour must be to make of the League no simulacrum solemnly upheld by ourselves alone among the Great Powers while others fail to support or openly desert it, but a reality which deals frankly and fairly with realities.

The only way of doing so is to turn from the ugly facets of the controversy which have hitherto preoccupied our attention to those other facets which preoccupy the Italian Government, and which explain, if they do not entirely justify, its course of action. This Review published in June a challenging article entitled " The ' Haves ' and ' Have-nots ' ", in which Mr. Frank Simonds arraigned the whole output of treaties, pacts, and covenants since 1918 as contrivances " to perpetuate inequality in the name of peace ". He was fair enough to admit that this was not their design ; but he insisted, with much force, that this was their effect. He is, of course, one of the ablest of those who maintain that the League of Nations is nothing more than a

twentieth-century version of its predecessors, the Holy Alliance and the Concert of Europe, and therefore in the main an organization for the defence of the *status quo* on behalf of those who find it satisfactory. There is real substance in this criticism, and I shall come to it in a minute. But before I do so I feel bound to urge that Mr. Simonds does less than justice to the powerful and tenacious strain of idealism which inspires the greater part of the passionate loyalty felt towards the League by large bodies of opinion throughout the British Empire. The fact that our idealism has borne less fruit than we have hoped and dreamed is due, not solely to the pressure of material interests in Europe, but in some large measure also to the defection of the United States at the very outset of the new adventure. We have no doubt two lobes to our brain, and English policy, like the air we breathe, is composed of two gases—one which sinks by itself and one which rises. But our idealism is none the less an indestructible reality. As a nation we loathe the thought of war, and it seems to us a terrible thing that two great Governments should, after all that has passed in the last twenty-one years, be using the language in regard to it which resounds through Germany and Italy like a sinister and satanic trumpet-blast. The last verse of Shelley's "Hellas ", written more than a century ago, expresses exactly our revulsion against that whole cast of thought :

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
O drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy !
The world is weary of the past.
O might it die or rest at last !

So strong is this current of feeling, so strong amongst the young as well as the old, that we will not believe that the past must be incessantly renewed and that history will never have done with repeating itself. So strong is it that this nation can hardly be brought to face the necessity of re-armament, even in defence of its peace and freedom. But Mr. Simonds is right in telling us that there is another side to the picture we have made of international relations in the present century, and that we must seek to understand and satisfy the needs and feelings of other less fortunate peoples through the League of Nations if that rainbow-castle, which was shaped out of the storm, is not to be shattered

by another elemental conflict as terrible as that which brought it into being.

The key to the future of the League lies surely in this—that no world-settlement can maintain peace indefinitely which is incapable of being sufficiently modified from time to time by peaceful means to meet new conditions and changing necessities. We cannot keep the world in irons, because it is a constantly growing and changing organism. To us, no doubt, the *status quo* seems eminently satisfactory; but we are not entitled to use the Covenant as an Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, guaranteeing the British Empire as a lawful achievement and denying all opportunity to other nations with our necessities to follow our example. Change there must be. If every existing frontier is to remain fixed for ever, and every existing sovereignty, whatever its character, guaranteed against modification, then an explosion is inevitable. The League, instead of bringing the nations together, will divide them into two camps, and the Holy Alliance of the twentieth century will, in due course, go the way of all such alliances. I submit, therefore, that the future of the League depends upon its making a reality of Article XIX of the Covenant, which reads as follows :—

> The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

Let us, in the light of this Article, consider those facets of the Abyssinian question which present themselves most forcibly to the Italian mind at the present moment.

The first is a matter of national psychology, crystallized in the Duce as the embodiment of Italy's second *Risorgimento*. He has done all he can to revive the pride of the Italian people in its Roman origins and to breed again the ancient Roman virtue, which was, in essence, a political and corporate quality. No one can tell how far he has succeeded, though he has certainly altered the surface of Italian life beyond recognition, and restored much of their ancient dignity, not only to the city, but to the Public Services. In Rome to-day, the august initials S.P.Q.R., which have never disappeared entirely from the emblems and organs of the Roman State, are something definitely more than an

interesting historical survival. The Italian people suffered terribly in their pride from the disaster of Adowa forty years ago, and they have never forgotten it. The memory of Adowa is to them what the memory of Sedan was to France before the War. I remember a great Frenchman once telling me that England could never properly understand *l'esprit des vaincus* ; but he had known it as it was in France, and therefore he added, " I know it as it is in Germany ". It is the same amongst Italians, intensified by the deep desire not only to vindicate their arms in Africa, but to prove that they are the equals of other nations, and true descendants of their Roman fathers in the business of colonial administration and development. I was in Italian Somaliland only six years ago, and I was genuinely impressed by the spirit in which they had set to work to make a colony out of that most unpromising territory. The Duc d'Aosta's large irrigation settlement was particularly remarkable. If we cannot well appreciate *l'esprit des vaincus*, we ought certainly to understand the colonizing instinct. Heaven knows, we have never repressed it in ourselves, and although it is just now a little out of fashion, we may be counted on to keep true to our historic form despite momentary aberrations. This Roman spirit, sharpened by the memory of Adowa, is, I am sure, burning in Mussolini. How far the nation has caught it from him it is impossible for a foreigner to say ; but Mussolini himself most assuredly feels that he must prove the mettle of his people in the colonial field if his work of moral and spiritual reconstruction is to be permanent. I quoted him earlier in this article as inculcating the spiritual value of military discipline. Here is the explanation. Italy has been deeply marked by a long era of subjugation and disunion. Those marks, he has sworn to himself, are to be effaced for ever.

The second facet, on the Italian side, is a strong conviction in the mind of every Italian that Italy received less than her deserts at the Peace Conference. I do not know enough of the inner history of that period, when all the world hung on whispers of what was passing in Paris, to have any idea as to why Italy came out of the settlement so badly ; but I feel personally convinced that if Mussolini had sat with Lloyd George, Wilson, and Clemenceau he would have done better for his country than

Orlando, who, I believe, spent much of his time in indignant absence from the Conference table. What is certain is that Italy got very little. A year or two afterwards we generously carved a piece off Kenya called Jubaland (while leaving Kenya still burdened with a debt incurred partly in defending that territory) and presented that as a consolation to our grieving ally ; but since the Juba River has, I believe, proved to be brackish up to the boundary between Italian and Abyssinian territory, and since irrigation is the sole hope of the scorching land which we ceded, the consolation has not been very material. France, it is understood, has also recently made a gift of some territory in North Africa to Italy ; but I do not know its quality. It may be what the late Lord Salisbury in one of his moments of disturbing outspokenness described as " light soil " ; I am not sure indeed that this is not that very piece of territory. Furthermore, an island in the Gulf of Perim is said to have passed from French to Italian sovereignty—an island which, it is also averred, is tempting Italy to establish a submarine base confronting Aden. These are interesting international gestures and amenities, of which the Zeila episode is another rather painful example ; but Italy remains dissatisfied, and she has long been determined to do better for herself than her allies were prepared to do for her.

So much for the second facet on the Italian side. I can hear some of my readers who have followed me so far indignantly exclaiming : " What of the new dispensation since 1919 ? Are hungry European Powers to be allowed once more to seize African territory and occupy it ? Have small nations no rights, and are not the arguments you have been using a mockery of the League, whose principles are irreconcilable with the old imperialism ? " I hear this—and much more to the same effect. What is the answer ?

I will come in a moment to the answer from the standpoint of Ethiopia. Let me first, however, deal with it from the standpoint of Italy and the League, thereby reaching the third facet of the Italian side of the question. A very able Italian, who was devoted to Mussolini, told me some years ago that the Duce would ultimately stand or fall by what he did or failed to do for Italy's growing surplus of population. For some years after the War, Italy's annual excess of births over deaths was, I believe, half a

million. It is still in the neighbourhood of four hundred thousand. Italy, moreover, is a poor country, and the gates of Asia Minor, America, Africa, and Australasia are now practically entirely closed against her emigrants. No wonder that my Italian friend (we talked in French, since his English was nearly as bad as my Italian) described this situation as *un problème démographique des plus formidables*. Here is an issue which we, with our record, must in common honesty weigh with scrupulous care. To talk of standing for principle while burking the issue of principle contained in this aspect of Italy's claim would be to delude ourselves and jeopardize the future of the League. Imperialism may be, and indeed is, discredited in its baser forms ; but in its higher and nobler manifestations it is the sheet-anchor of humanity, the one hope of harmonizing the interest of those masses in Europe which are struggling for a higher standard of living with that of the backward races, which are now part of a narrowing and closely interdependent world. Without it Europe would be doomed to such misery that social disruption could not be staved off, and the weaker races of humanity to a new era of unregulated exploitation in which ruthless force would inevitably take the place of law. The processes of growth and change cannot be stayed, and it is for the League to deal with them in this new era so that they may not cause war ; for it most certainly cannot afford to ignore them and to suppose that they will thereby be prevented in some miraculous way from producing their old and unregulated consequences.

Britain and France both own vast Colonial Empires. Britain, with her constellation of sister nations has, with the exception of America, from the Canadian boundary southwards, occupied the greater part of the habitable globe which is still empty of population and capable of colonization by settlement. The British Empire, the United States, France, and Russia command the sources of practically every food and raw material which they require. Other Powers, which consider themselves their equals in character and capacity, and have insistent needs, as conspicuously lack some of these essential things. Hunger need no longer of necessity drive population from one area to another, as it used to do ; but if the world is to accommodate its increasing population at steadily rising standards of living, all its latent

wealth must be brought into the service of humanity and as freely as possible exchanged.

This means the settlement and development of empty but fertile territories and the taking of measures to provide that territories which are populated but backward should produce all they can. To prevent war, the process of expansion and development must become, in every possible way, a co-operative process, designed to promote the good of all. I do not believe that in this process it will be right and proper to transfer backward peoples from one civilized sovereignty to another as though they were counters in a game of cards ; but it does seem to me essential that civilized sovereignties should be established under the League, where no such sovereignty at present exists—that is, in backward regions capable of greater progress and development than they can alone achieve. I also believe that no great colonial system such as ours should be organized in such a way as to defeat and ignore the interests of those who have no such systems under their control. For the *beati possidentes* there are only two broad rules of conduct which can save them and the world from war : first, that they should themselves develop their possessions, not allow them to waste unused ; and second, that they should strive to meet the economic needs of less fortunate Powers. Africa in particular is so vast a responsibility for the civilized Powers which at present divide it among themselves, and its peaceful development so vital to the peace and welfare of the world, that control of its development will have, in my belief, to be regarded more and as an enterprise in which Western civilization is co-operatively engaged.

The subject is, of course, a vast one, beset with bitter controversy and stubborn inherent difficulties, and I cannot pretend to do more than touch on it here. But Mr. Simonds is, I believe, fundamentally right in his main contention, that the division between the " haves " and " have-nots " is the central problem which civilization must solve if it is successfully to outlaw war. I do not indeed agree with him that the League is already no more than a combination of the one against the other. It has hardly faced the issue as yet, but the time for facing it is at hand. We have had it forced upon us by Japan—and Japan, I admit, was not wisely handled by the League. Now Italy is following

suit, and in due course it will be Germany which takes up the theme. Let us therefore look squarely at the fact that this Abyssinian question is a test-case for something more than Articles X and XVI of the Covenant. It is still more fundamentally a test-case for Article XIX, and we shall do an ill service both to the League and to the cause of peace if we do not make every possible effort to arrive at a solution of Italy's claims under that Article before we take any stand against her on the other two.

What, then, I shall be asked, of the Ethiopian standpoint? Has Abyssinia no rights as a member of the League? I agree at once that she has fundamental rights and that the League must give full weight to them. What, however, those rights may be adjudged to consist in is a matter for very close analysis. The Abyssinian population proper is, I believe, about a million and a half, who govern (and largely misgovern) from five to eight millions of Gallas and other people. I had some practical experience of the character of Abyssinian administration in the southern parts of the country along the northern frontier of Kenya from 1925 to 1930, and I formed a very poor opinion of it. The present Ruler of Abyssinia is, I believe, an enlightened man, who is striving his utmost to abolish the slave-trade and to introduce a less oppressive system of government; but I doubt if he really controls the outlying parts of his kingdom, or will ever be able to do so. It is at least an open question whether such a sovereignty has an inalienable right to all its nominal realm under the Covenant of the League. Article XXII, which states as a principle that the "well-being and development of backward peoples form a sacred trust of civilization", somewhat illogically confines that principle to the peoples inhabiting the former German and Turkish colonies. It is rather hard to understand what principle governed that limitation in the scope of the principle, and there seems in any case to be no reason why the principle should not be held to outweigh the limitation, if other backward peoples may benefit by it. Of this, at any rate, I am sure, that there is a considerable part of the territory and population of Abyssinia which would gain immeasurably by having their "well-being and development" entrusted to a civilized Power under the ægis of the League. It is not likely

to be an easy task. We looked at it once, in Lord Napier's days, and decided against undertaking it. But if Italy is prepared to attempt it, under conditions which may be presented for sanction and supervision by the League as fair to the present Ethiopian Government, and advantageous to the less favoured portion of its subjects, that will surely be a solution of the controversy in the spirit of Articles XIX and XXII of the Covenant which the League will have every reason to recommend to the Negus.

If that possibility be accepted, it is for consideration how best it may be explored in the first instance. The three Powers, which by treaty and geographical situation must bear the main responsibility for whatever is the outcome of the controversy, namely, Italy, France, and Britain, are those most likely to carry out the preliminary investigation expeditiously and effectively. They may well, therefore, consider whether they may not be able to agree upon some modification of the Treaty of 1906, which they can jointly submit to the League and to Abyssinia. It is, alas, very late in the day; yet, with so much at stake both for the League and for the peace, not only of Africa, but of Europe, no opening that offers the faintest prospect of a solution, in accordance with the principles of the League, should be neglected. Amid the gathering shadows, there seems to be no glimmer of hope in any other direction.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

By Wickham Steed

TO Mark Twain's shade I make pious acknowledgment. This rite performed, I steal his title and put it to my own uses, pausing only to praise his insight into foreign folk. " The people of those foreign countries are very, very ignorant ", he wrote. They never could understand what his Innocents said to them. Nor have they changed since his day—as my Innocents may discover.

My Innocents are those among us who honestly feel that British ways are best and British motives always pure. If only foreigners could understand this, everything would be easy. My Innocents are sure we ought to do what we can to set foreigners right, though without mixing ourselves up too much in their affairs. They know it is our duty, even when we serve our own interests, to work for the good of mankind.

My Innocents love peace and hold it a priceless boon, well worth having if it can be got on the cheap. To them, " love your enemies " seems not a hard saying if it can carry the corollary " and hate your friends ". Heartily do they hate the evil which (they have been told) was done by the Peace Treaties. These Treaties they have not read, though they adore the League Covenant enshrined in them. The League of Nations, which the Peace Treaties set up, they extol as the true basis of British foreign policy. Their faith in it is absolute. Only in their works, under its saving ægis, do they honour the theory of relativity.

In their excursions " abroad " my Innocents are inspired by good faith, good will, trustfulness, and forgetfulness. Trust engenders trust—and sometimes brings forth confidence tricks. " What can you do if you do not trust ? " asked Mr. Stanley Baldwin on June 29th. He answered : " You revert straight to the law of the jungle and no progress is possible ". He was speaking of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of June 18th, and

profoundly regretted " observations from one or two members in the House of Commons that you cannot trust the Germans to keep their word ".

Thus did Mr. Baldwin apply for enrolment among the Honourable Company of Innocents. Misguided foreign countries had, it is true, jumped to the conclusion that, by condoning single-handed the German repudiation of Part V of the Versailles Treaty, Great Britain had stultified herself and had departed from the co-operation with France and Italy to which she was pledged. Mr. Baldwin set them right by declaring that " the present Anglo-German Naval Pact implies no deviation from that whole-hearted co-operation between this country and France and Italy which were so recently affirmed at Stresa. We have been at pains to reassure the French and Italian Governments, through the medium of the Minister for League of Nations Affairs, on that score ".

Having returned from Rome and Paris with two large fleas in his ears, the Minister in question, Mr. Anthony Eden, may have felt less cocksure than the Prime Minister. He was perhaps as annoyed as were other of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues when they learned that " the Germans " were treating the Naval Agreement as a political triumph, despite the warnings given to Herr von Ribbentrop in London, and his assurances that nothing of the kind would be done. I do not blame " the Germans " one whit. Our Innocents must have been innocent indeed to think they would do anything else. Herr Hitler and Herr von Ribbentrop had scored a resounding success, and only Innocents could suppose that they would not make the most of it. The Third Reich felt itself hard pressed, and needed something for the shop window. Shortly before the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, on which the " exploratory " Anglo-German naval conversations were fittingly transformed into a " definite and permanent " agreement, influential Nazi leaders were authoritatively told that, in view of the strained position, there would have to be a new *Putsch* in Austria which, this time, the Reich would openly support, unless the naval negotiations in London should " come off ".

To carp at Herr Hitler and his colleagues is foolish. They are doing their best for themselves, according to their lights,

and are playing the same by their own rules. Some of those rules, as regards this country, are laid down in Herr Hitler's autobiography, *Mein Kampf*. They prescribe the cultivation of a close understanding between Germany and Great Britain, at all costs, while the Continent is being made safe for the Third Reich and Herr Hitler's Perpetual Political Testament for the German nation is being carried out. This Testament runs :—

> Never allow two continental Powers in Europe to arise. Look upon every attempt to organize a second military Power on the frontiers of Germany, even though it be only in the form of a State susceptible of military development, as an attack upon Germany, and think it not alone a right, but a duty, to prevent such a State from arising, or to smash it if it has arisen, by every means, including armed force. Have a care that the strength of our people should be founded not upon colonies, but upon the soil of the European home. Never deem the Reich assured if it cannot give all the offspring of our people a bit of land of their own for centuries to come. Never forget that the holiest right in this world is the right to the soil which one may till for oneself, and that the holiest sacrifice is the blood shed for this soil.—(*Mein Kampf*. 5th edition, pp. 754-755.)

Most of our Innocents have not read *Mein Kampf*, of which nearly two million copies have been sold in Germany. The only English edition of it is an abridged and strictly bowdlerized version—280 pages in large type as compared with the 782 pages of smaller type in the original. Nor have they read and pondered Herr Alfred Rosenberg's *Mythos of the Twentieth Century*, with its doctrine of race and blood. Innocence must eschew naughty books. Yet there are books which even Innocents might read with profit. One of them is the eighth volume of the Austro-Hungarian Diplomatic Documents which shows how " the Germans " construed in 1914 the efforts of Sir Edward Grey and others to reach agreements with Germany. No sooner were those agreements reached—as Sir Edward Grey might have said, like Mr. Baldwin today—" with equally honourable motives " on both sides, than they were interpreted in Berlin as proof that Great Britain would not intervene in any continental struggle, particularly should it arise in the Balkans, and the Austro-Hungarian Government was straightway urged to go ahead against Serbia.

Thus the Great War came. Our Innocents of that day bore no small share of responsibility for its coming. They meant well, as our Innocents mean today. The road to the hell in which a

million of our best and bravest went down was paved with their good intentions. Today their intentions are better than ever—and we shall be lucky if the road to a worse hell is not paved with them.

What was it that prevented Sir Edward Grey and the Asquith Government from doing, in July 1914, the one thing that might have prevented the Great War? It was doubt whether Parliament and the country would approve of a timely declaration that, if Austria-Hungary and Germany should use the Sarajevo assassinations as a pretext for war, they must not count upon British indifference. I sought vainly, on July 22nd, 1914, to get this declaration made. Why did doubt prevail? Because German propaganda in London had persuaded "Society", the City, the greater part of the Press, not a few Cabinet Ministers, and many Members of Parliament that a peace-loving Germany desired nothing more than British friendship which only an Anglo-German agreement or two would be needed to prove.

I returned to England in the autumn of 1913, after more than 21 years of work abroad, persuaded that, unless British policy were very clear and very firm, the outbreak of a European war would not long be postponed. With the atmosphere of German propaganda I had grown familiar in Rome and Vienna; and when I found London full of it, and Anglo-German agreements well under way, my heart sank within me. So strong was its spell in the City, in the precincts of Downing Street and in newspaper offices, that scepticism of German good faith was looked upon as highly improper. Then the crisis came. The City was panic-stricken, the Cabinet divided and Parliament bewildered. If Germany had not come to our rescue by invading Belgium, the chances are that we should not have awakened in time to save ourselves. I have often wondered what our plight would have been had the French, feeling that we had left them in the lurch, accepted a German offer to let them off lightly on condition that they should join Germany against us. We have no right innocently to imagine that others will always think of our safety before their own.

As soon as the War was over we began to "hedge" again. Jointly with the United States we had undertaken to guarantee French security on condition that France should not annex German territory, the guarantee to hold good until the League

of Nations should be able to organize a superior degree of general security. But the United States went back on this undertaking, and on the League. We had subscribed to the League Covenant on the understanding that the United States would help to uphold it. That expectation having been falsified, two courses were open to us. One would have been to wash our hands of the League and of all attempts to organize collective security. The other would have been to make good the guarantee to France, and to stand by the League in such fashion that it would be able to organize the superior degree of general security which would lighten our particular burden.

Neither of these courses did we follow. We, in our turn, went back on the guarantee to France—as we were strictly entitled to do—and forfeited the moderating influence upon French policy in Europe which it would have given us. We helped to found the League of Nations, and whittled down Article 16 of its Covenant which had been put in as the foundation of collective security. When, in January 1922, Mr. Lloyd George offered France a modified British guarantee on certain conditions, the harm was already done. By that time French feeling was estranged and French policy had taken a Nationalist and almost anti-British turn, two consequences of which were the Chanak crisis, in October 1922, and the occupation of the Ruhr early in 1923.

On the part of France the Ruhr occupation was sheer folly. It led to the inflation of the German currency, the ruin of the middle classes and the beginnings of Hitlerism. By repercussion, it hit the French currency hard. But in May, 1924, French Nationalism was overthrown and the chance of Franco-British co-operation restored. In August, 1924, the first British Labour Government and M. Herriot's Government in France accepted the Dawes reparations scheme and, next month, agreed at Geneva upon a League resolution foreshadowing " arbitration, security, and disarmament ". On this resolution the famous Geneva Protocol was based. The Protocol " for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes " was a serious effort to promote collective security as a basis for disarmament, and, though needing amendment, it would have ensured the meeting, and probably the success, of a Disarmament Conference in 1925.

Indeed, its validity was expressly dependent upon the success of such a Conference. Yet we rejected it entirely. Six months later we sought to create a limited substitute for it at Locarno, believing (in our innocence) that peace is divisible. We have our reward.

By " hedging " on the price of disarmament at a time when Germany was still disarmed, we put a premium upon her future repudiation of Part V—the military, naval, and air clauses—of the Versailles Treaty. Thereafter no Disarmament Conference could have any chance of succeeding unless we would subscribe to binding provisions for collective security against war. To no such provisions would we subscribe. Our Innocents talked and acted as though they believed that weapons of war could be abolished by incantation. They richly earned for us the stricture which Mr. Frank Simonds presently passed upon the American people—that the mission of John the Baptist cannot be fulfilled by the methods of Pontius Pilate.

Innocent among our Innocents in these respects were Mr. Arthur Henderson, as President of the Disarmament Conference, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Meanwhile our City financiers had poured into Germany hundreds of millions, partly in hope of gain, partly with political malice aforethought, and with total indifference to secret German re-armament. Today the unrecovered, and probably unrecoverable, balance of those " frozen " millions draws them like a magnet, and keeps them running after Hitler's chariot, of which Dr. Schacht holds the financial reins. In the intervals of panting " Heil, Hitler ! " and of pulling strings to keep some organs of the British Press subservient to Germany they may be heard to sigh : " If only Schacht would be honest ! " Hitler, Göring, and Schacht understand the position perfectly and —small blame to them—keep their British backers on the run. Having spent the British and other millions on war preparations, they boldly ask for more " lest all be lost ". In its heart of hearts, the City knows that all is lost ; but, were it to confess the truth, more than one of its big " private financial houses " might be in Queer Street.

By these financial " interests " and German propaganda a sort of invisible censorship has been set up over the written and spoken word in this country. Religious organizations with branches in Germany are astutely blackmailed into silence, and

pressure is put upon associations for the promotion of international fellowship and goodwill to avoid all reference to matters political in their gatherings lest " German susceptibilities " be wounded. Why Hitler should have a monopoly of susceptibility I fail to understand. Are the millions of good Germans who groan under his tyranny devoid of susceptibility ? Have the tens of thousands of half-starved, flogged, and tortured men in his prisons and concentration camps no claim on our articulate sympathy ? Are the Protestant pastors and Roman Catholic priests who stand out against the new paganism, waiting and hoping for some word of encouragement from abroad, to listen for it in vain ? All honour to the Bishop of Chichester, who strove to check the nauseating gush with which so many of our Innocents greeted Hitler's cunning Reichstag speech of May 21 ! " The very people who desire friendship most earnestly ", he wrote, " are deeply disturbed by the forces to which Herr Hitler allows such terrible freedom in Germany itself. They are profoundly moved by the internal war within that great country, the war which some of the prominent members of the National-Socialist party are waging against freedom and against Christianity. What is this Germany with which we are asked to make friends ? Is it the Germany in which the National-Socialist authorities submit Christian pastors and others to the cruelty of the concentration camps and place every kind of restriction on the liberty of the Christian Church ? "

With this courageous protest even the Archbishop of York, ever foremost among our religious Innocents, was fain to associate himself. It moved other Innocents to exclaim—in the hope that Herr Hitler might hear—how nice it would be if the Nazi Leader would amnesty his political opponents and behave as though he had never ordered or helped to carry out the " clean-up ", that is, the massacre, of tiresome friends and ancient opponents on June 30th, 1934. There would, indeed, be joy among our Innocents over a repentant Hitler, sincerer joy than they felt when he suddenly embraced Poland early last year and thus cooled their righteous wrath against the " impossible and intolerable " Polish " Corridor ". They had long been working up enthusiasm for " Treaty revision " which, being interpreted, meant, in the first place, the return to Germany of Poland's

Maritime Province, misnamed the " Corridor ". In March 1933 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon flew to Rome, where they received, with substantial approval, from Signor Mussolini the draft of an Italo-German project for a Four-Power Pact of which, in Mr. MacDonald's words, the " big and almost only detail " was " revision of treaties ". Poland understood what was afoot and, in view of German clamour against the " Corridor ", spake soothly to Hitler. Marshal Pilsudski asked him bluntly whether he wanted war at once or in five years or in ten ; and Hitler answered that he wanted peace for ten years on condition that Poland would not uphold the independence of Austria, would hold aloof from the Little Entente, and would fall in with German views on other matters. Eager to get the laugh of our—and other—Innocents over the " Corridor ", and to show that she is nobody's " satellite ", Poland accepted Hitler's terms—and a subtle process of disintegration in Central Europe was begun.

Our Innocents are not alone in admiring Hitler. I admire him too—on other grounds than theirs. He is no Innocent. He has never kept his word an hour longer than it suited him to do so. His shrewdness in fooling others is almost uncanny ; and he is steadfastly pursuing the foreign political programme set forth in *Mein Kampf*. That programme means war, soon or late, if Hitler lasts. It may not come until he thinks Germany ready for it. It need not come at all if we and other countries talk to him in the only language he understands, the sort of language Marshal Pilsudski used. Only we must be ready and able to talk it. Otherwise war will come one day or one night without warning, and with what may be a knockout blow. On July 11th, our new Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, said : " Even ten years ago, long before aircraft became as formidable in speed, performance, and destructive power as they are now, it seemed to me that the danger of the knockout blow was so great that only the deterrent of an almost overwhelming air force might save the world from a great catastrophe " ; and he believed that those views are now generally shared by the great majority of Members of Parliament. I hope Sir Samuel Hoare is right. But I wonder what he and " the great majority " of members of Parliament feel upon the way in which his colleagues allowed

themselves to be fooled about German air strength up to the moment when Hitler blurted out a part of the truth to Sir John Simon in Berlin.

Only the settled intention of Germany to make war—or to get what she wants by threat of war—explains the speed, the size and the quality of German re-armament on land, in the air and on sea. This intention explains also the intensity of German propaganda in Great Britain. As in 1914, " Society ", the City, a large part of the press, not a few Ministers and many members of both Houses of Parliament are under its spell. Some of our " competent " Ministers and Departments of State spurned well-founded warnings that Germany was already stronger than Great Britain in the air ; and, as late as last February, Sir Philip Sassoon echoed their ill-founded optimism in Parliament. Herr Hitler's revelations to Sir John Simon put an end to it—and thus gave us some compensation for the detestable practice of allowing British Ministers to wait upon Dictators in their own countries because those Dictators dare not go abroad.

Then came Hitler's crafty speech of May 21 (with its assurance that Germany would be satisfied with 35 per cent. of British naval strength), the " exploratory " naval conversations and the hasty Agreement of June 18th. I hope the B.B.C. has kept a Blattnerphone record of the tone in which the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, trumpeted to the country on June 19th the glories of this achievement. He spoke like a sea captain laying down the law to a ship's company.

> The ratio of 35 to 100 is to be a permanent relationship [he cried]. That is to say, the German fleet will *never* exceed 35 per cent. of our naval forces, whether those forces are limited by treaty or not. The world is thus rid, so far as Germany is concerned, of the fear of a new race in naval armaments . . . The German Chancellor, recognizing the supreme naval responsibilities of this country, has of his own will limited the German navy *for all time*, to 65 per cent. below our own. The Admiralty consider that had this offer been refused, this country would have incurred a very grave responsibility.

My italics reproduce the First Lord's emphasis. " Never ", and " for all time "! The list of historical " nevers " which events swiftly belied was already long enough to bid any save Innocents be wary. Nothing that has been said in defence of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement warrants belief that it will be worth the paper it is written on whenever Germany may feel

inclined to depart from it in the spirit or in the letter.

Its letter is bad enough in all conscience. Worse still was the method of its conclusion. It made a mockery of our belief in " the sanctity of treaties ", of our protest against Germany's repudiation of the military, naval, and air clauses of the Versailles Treaty, and of our moral obligations towards France and Italy. If, as we maintained, the German repudiation was an international misdemeanour and an offence against the " sanctity of treaties ", we hastened to compound the misdemeanour and to condone the offence. We threw international decency to the winds in our eagerness to snap at the naval carrot which Hitler dangled before our innocent noses. And we cannot even plead that the carrot is succulent.

The German 35 per cent. of the aggregate naval tonnage belonging to the entire British Commonwealth gives Germany not less than parity with us in Europe, since our tonnage is necessarily dispersed throughout the world, while German tonnage remains concentrated in the Baltic and the North Sea. We present Germany with the mastery of the Baltic, imperil the Scandinavian and non-German Baltic States and compel them either to yield to German pressure or to league themselves and build against Germany. Hitler has every reason to rub his hands. Having flattered us by suggesting that Germany, too, would like to abolish submarines altogether—when he and we well know that this " gesture " is purely platonic—he secured our assent to an increase of German submarine strength up to 45 per cent. of our own, or even to 100 per cent. in the event of a situation arising which, *in the opinion of the German Government*, makes it necessary.

Taking into account the relative importance of seaborne trade to Germany and to the British Commonwealth, of which Great Britain is the heart and head, these arrangements look like a very odd bargain. Of one thing we may be certain. Whenever Germany thinks the time has come to claim 100 or even 45 per cent. of our submarine tonnage, she will already have built up to or beyond the strength she claims. She will confront us with an accomplished fact as she did when Herr Hitler told the innocent Sir John Simon that her air strength was already equal to ours. At that moment there was talk of a modest German

demand for only twelve small submarines. Now her naval programme for 1935 alone speaks of 28 submarines, varying from 250 to 750 tons each, or nearly half the total tonnage permitted under the Anglo-German Agreement, besides two battleships of 26,000 tons apiece, two more cruisers of 10,000 tons, and some very powerful destroyers. These ships, most of which are completed or nearing completion, were laid down secretly in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. *The Times* is moved to confess that " it is something of a shock to realize the secrecy with which such important naval preparations were being made ", though it joins in the innocent chorus that the Anglo-German Agreement has put " a definite, permanent, and moderate limit " to such building.

Where and how ? Nothing in the Anglo-German Agreement debars Germany from further building in secret. What will our remedy be if we discover, one fine day, that she has built up to 100 per cent. of our submarine strength, or that our " 65 per cent. superiority " has gone west because the quality of her new cruisers and battleships, ton for ton, is vastly higher than that of our obsolescent vessels ? It looks as though the Anglo-German Naval Agreement—which, politically, has carried a step farther the disintegration of Europe begun by the Four-Power Pact two years ago—will end by forcing upon us a big naval programme, no matter what the First Lord of the Admiralty may say to the contrary.

On one hypothesis alone could a good word be said for the Anglo-German Naval Agreement. If this hypothesis does more credit to our guile than to our innocence it may not, on that account, be wholly untenable. It is that our Ministers, knowing more of the truth about German armaments than they have dared to tell the country, wished to gain time while they put our defences in the air and on sea into something like adequate order. Such a course would be comprehensible, even if it were lacking in candour and real intelligence.

The really intelligent course would have been to hold firm to the Anglo-French Agreement of February 3rd, with its provision for mutual assistance ; to have stuck to the terms of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's White Paper or " Statement on Defence " ; not to have condoned the German repudiation of

the Versailles Treaty since by it we put ourselves out of court in dealing with the Italo-Abyssinian dispute ; and to have spoken to Germany the only language she can ever understand. That language is the language Germans use to each other ; it is not the language of under-statement which we habitually speak. Either we stand against war or we do not. If we do, we have to stand against it with other countries whose faces, like ours, are set against war ; and, as Mr. Stanley Baldwin (in his less innocent moments) has often insisted, to be ready and able to act up to the undertakings for collective security into which we may enter. There may still be time for a firm peace front to avert war in Europe. But the sands are running out more swiftly than our Innocents seem to perceive. Fortunate indeed shall we be if we escape unscathed.

CAN SOCIOLOGY BECOME A SCIENCE?

By Professor Julian Huxley

THERE is a great deal of talk these days about the importance of social science. Nothing but the application of scientific method to social affairs will allow us to control the aforesaid social affairs, which, as all agree, are at the moment distinctly out of hand. So say the upholders of scientific sociology. On the other hand, voices of the contrary party are not lacking. The out-and-out sceptics assert that sociology can never become a true science. Others, less sweeping but more insidious, remind us that in social science we are on different ground from natural science, in that the experimenter cannot help being inside his own experiment, and that even in the observation and analysis of fact the social scientist cannot help being influenced, whether pro or con, by the system which he is observing. No method of fully discounting bias or prejudice exists as it does in the natural sciences; bias of some kind enters into every social phenomenon, and there is no purely objective standard of preference, no criterion for the scientific validity of an experiment. And there is a third type of criticism which takes the form of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Such critics point to the regrettably large amount of nonsense, hot air, triviality, uplift, etc., generated by so-called social scientists, and proceed to argue that if so much that is unscientific exists in sociology, there can be nothing in it that is scientific.

It is worth while examining the position in some detail. In the first place, it is clear that in the field of the social sciences a great deal is often included which has no claim to be called scientific. It is distinctly unfortunate that the term *science* should be employed, especially in America, in two different senses—one in the field of social, the other in the field of natural knowledge. In the former field it is often used as the equivalent of the German

Wissenschaft, in the sense merely of an organized body of knowledge or ideas. In the second, it is restricted to the equivalent of *Naturwissenschaft*—a body of knowledge and ideas amassed and tested by the true scientific methods. It is in this latter sense that the word *science* has come to be generally used in the English language, and it is a pity that an alternative usage should creep in. Yet we find that the Research Committee on the Social Sciences in the United States includes not only economics, but history, which has always been in the main a humanist as opposed to a scientific subject. It would really be more desirable, when speaking of the field in this broad sense, to use some phrase like Social Knowledge in place of Social Science. For it cannot but be extremely unfortunate, in these days when science is so highly prized, for subjects and doctrines, which by their nature and origin cannot help being un- or rather non-scientific, to enjoy the prestige of science.

Be that as it may, it is clear that the first step is to exclude all such fields from our discussion, and then to ask whether what remains can justify its claim to be scientific. Here again, it is unfortunately true that, especially in the past, a great deal of sociology, or at any rate a great many sociologists, have run to tautological phrases, empty generalizations, unsatisfactory methods of analysis, unscientific modes of approach. It is as a result of this that sociology has acquired an unenviable reputation in certain quarters. Among the upholders of " humane studies " there is a regret that what they regard as vehicles of cultural values should lose their real character in attempting to dress themselves up in scientific disguise ; while there are many in the ranks of the natural sciences, especially the more mathematical and experimental of these, who roundly assert that sociology is nothing but a pseudo-science, with which they will have nothing to do.

This, however, is what inevitably happens with every truly new science. When science adventures into a field which has hitherto been given over to non-scientific treatment, it has to find its feet. And a great deal of nonsense is liable to be talked during the process. The most superficial acquaintance with the history of science will show this. The Pythagorean doctrine of numbers ; the early theories as to the elements and the humours ;

the principle of perfection which, as applied to geometry and to the heavenly bodies, caused the belief that the sun and the planets must move in circular paths, and so gave rise to the strange complications of Ptolemaic astronomy; the fantastic theories of dawning embryology, sometimes mystical, sometimes ultra-logical like Bonnet's theory of *emboîtement*; the mixture of truth and falsehood, science and charlatanism, in early experimental psychology, as exemplified by Mesmer; the survival of alchemical ideas to mingle with the birth of modern chemistry.

We need not multiply examples. The early exploration of the unknown or the mysterious is almost bound to be attended with a phase of pseudo-science, in which mysticism at the one end and true scientific method at the other, are connected by every gradation of *a priori* argument, mere analogy, loose speculation, conclusions based on false clues, and so on.

The problem is thus still further boiled down. After excluding both the non-scientific aspects of social knowledge and also the pseudo-scientific divagations of a new subject, is there a scientific kernel left to sociology?

It is here that the crux of the matter lies. There are still many, both among philosophers and natural scientists, who assert the contrary. The nature of the material, they claim, precludes the application of true scientific method. Some hard thinking is necessary on this point. Personally, I am of the opinion that sociology can become scientific, but that it will have to work out a canon of method which differs in important respects from the canon generally accepted in the non-human sciences. Social Science finds itself, broadly speaking, in the position occupied by Natural Science at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It awaits its Bacon.

Indeed, the history of natural science is illuminating for social science in a number of ways. In that history Bacon, with his formulation of scientific method, was important: but in a sense Bacon was only a symptom. The verbal formulation of the inductive method and of the notion that control of nature would only be arrived at by the use of that method, was one expression of a changed temper. Human mind was becoming emancipated. Men were throwing overboard their traditions and their *a priori* principles: they were becoming adventurous, exploratory, and empirical.

If Bacon's *Novum Organum* was one symptom, the great voyages of geographical exploration and the freeing of trade and commerce from feudal and religious restrictions were others. Still another was the actual practice of scientific discovery by induction and experiment (which in point of fact proceeded largely uninfluenced by Bacon's precepts), and the working out of a technique by science for its own advance in the foundation of learned societies and the launching of the world's first scientific journals. And still another was the rapid advance in technology, in which pure science speedily found application and practical justification.

The moral for social science is clear. The idea of exploring, understanding, and controlling man's social environment and his own nature is now in the air, just as after the Renaissance was the idea of exploring, understanding, and controlling non-human nature and man's external environment. The present interest in sociology is an outcome of this more general tendency. But before it can fully merit the name of science, it needs development in three inter-related ways. It needs to formulate its special methods : it needs able brains working at its fundamental problems and discovering its principles : and, just as natural science needs completion through military, industrial, agricultural, and medical applications, so, too, social science needs practical outlet in application by means of social experiment.

Let me discuss these points in more detail. On the second, there is little more to be said. The great discoveries within any subject do not reveal themselves in advance : they emerge only as the result of intensive work by first-class intellects. Bacon could not prophesy any of the achievements of science, even in the era immediately succeeding his own. He could only prophesy that, if a certain method were followed, great achievements would result. All that can be done in this field is to try to ensure an adequate supply of workers of high standard.

A forcible plea for action along these lines has already been made by Sir Josiah Stamp at the British Association meeting in 1933. The problem can be approached from different angles—that of providing training, and that of providing work for social scientists when trained. In regard to the first point, a reform of the scholarship system at the Universities, giving more scholar-

ships in the biological and social sciences, fewer in physico-chemical sciences and other subjects, should divert some of the present excess of budding, but already over-specialized, chemists and classicists. Reform in the secondary school curriculum, by which human biology and social science are made more prominent and more interesting, is likely to attract a certain proportion of bright boys and girls. The provision of well-planned courses of study, undergraduate and graduate alike, at the colleges and universities will tell in the same direction.

But training is of no avail unless it later finds an outlet. Jobs must be found for the first-class brains when they have become social scientists. As with natural science, such posts will fall in several different categories. With greater representation of social science in the curriculum, teaching in school and university will absorb some. There is room for enormous expansion within Government service. If, for instance, the Bureau of Census were expanded, as it should be, so as to become a real agency for national stocktaking, it alone would find room for large numbers of men trained in the social sciences. Planning, too, and the survey work basic to planning is likely to absorb numbers of men. Already in the United States there is a National Resources Board ; it seems inevitable that this will one day be merged in a larger National Planning Board, and we may well envisage a governmental Social Science Research Council. Furthermore, with the increasing regulation of industry which is indubitably on the way, there will be need of many trained civil servants occupied, not merely with economics, but with labour relations and the like. Public Relations, too, will become increasingly important.

What is true for Government is true also, with modifications, in private industry. Human relations, with Labour and with the public, will need more cultivation and supervision ; planning and co-operation with other agencies will bulk larger.

But it is of extreme importance that outlets for social science and social scientists be not restricted to Government and to private industry. With the best will in the world, politics and profit cannot help imposing a bias on workers in their employ—even on scientific workers. It is essential that there should be private institutions pursuing pure research in social science. The

teaching departments of Universities are one agency in this field. But experience with the natural sciences shows that this is not enough ; we need also research institutions, with teams of whole-time research workers. The Brookings Institute at Washington is one example of such institutions, the New School of Social Research in New York another. But we need many more such, specializing in different fields of pure and applied human and social science. If possible we need them organized not only on a basis of pure research, but also, like research institutions in applied natural science today, to serve particular aims—the social needs of the consumer, for instance, as opposed to those of the producer, or those of labour as distinct from those of capital or the State. Further, remembering how the growth of the natural sciences was promoted by academies, a National Academy of Social Science, open only to those of the highest distinction, should be organized on the lines of the Royal Society.

Next we may take the point about social experiments, it is often held up against social science that it cannot experiment. This is not true, although it is true that experimentation must be of rather a different type from that employed in the natural sciences. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between mere experiment, and experiment with some sort of a scientific basis. To merit the name scientific, an experiment should be controlled, in the sense used in the laboratory. It should, that is to say, be conducted simultaneously with a similar experiment in which all the factors are the same, except those of which the effects are being tested.

The accuracy of such control will always be less in social than in natural science. But by careful planning a reasonable degree of control may be achieved. Most " experiments in education " that have hitherto been made have been largely vitiated, *qua* experiments, in that the children come from a selected group of parents, and also in that non-school influences may counteract the educational procedure. Most so-called social experiments, such as communities with a special mode of life, are in similar case. The only " control " to the great Russian experiment is the highly uncontrolled (in the non-scientific sense) development of the rest of the world. On the other hand, the experiment being conducted through the Tennessee Valley Authority to determine

the efficiency of public *versus* private generation and distribution of electric power, has been carefully planned so as to have a much higher degree of scientific control.

So far as social experimentation by governments is concerned, the regional method appears to be the best. A region of adequate size is selected, in which one particular social factor or combination of factors is put into effect. The rest of the country serves as the control. Or, of course, two or three components of a combination of factors can be tested out by an experiment involving several regions. In this way, a wide range of social factors could be brought to experimental test—education, diet, traffic regulation, power generation, public ownership or operation of this or that utility; birth-control in relation to health, morality, and population growth, individual organization, family allowance, and so on. Of course a great deal of haphazard experiment has been done in all these fields. The point is that to approach any scientific criterion great pains must be taken both in planning the experiment and in arranging for the critical evaluation of its results.

Meanwhile, the critics of social science are right in pointing out that experiment in this field can never be so rigorous as in natural science. The degree of isolation and control can never be so great ; selection or bias of some sort is almost bound to enter into the conduct of the experiment. But they are wrong in saying that it can never be scientific. There is no sharp qualitative line between scientific and unscientific. Even the best-planned physical experiment shows a margin of experimental error, due to insufficient control or to insufficient understanding of the factors to be isolated. There is every gradation between experiment so haphazard as to be scientifically worthless, and the rigours of an *experimentum crucis* in physics or physiology. Social experiment can become enormously more scientific than it is, and in so doing it can achieve a reasonable degree of scientific validity, quite sufficient to serve as a check on theory or a guide to action.

However, the fact that the scientific validity of social experiment is limited leads us to our last and most important point—the need for social science to formulate its methods.

In the first place we must get accustomed to thinking about the principle of causation in rather a different way from that familiar

in natural science. Leaving aside philosophical difficulties, we are often able to say in physics or chemistry or physiology that something is *the* cause of something else. It is perfectly reasonable to say that the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun is the cause of the tides, or that *Bacillus pestis* is the cause of plague. When we consider the matter carefully, however, we see that we can only do this because we can isolate the reacting system involved, either in thought or by means of experiment, so that we can, for all practical purposes, exclude other factors which might have an effect on it.

With human affairs, however, it is all but impossible to do this. They are alarmingly complex and non-recurrent. Any system which can be isolated for study or control contains a large number of causative variables, all of them capable of exerting a considerable effect. We, therefore, can no longer speak of A being *the* cause of X. It is *a* cause, together with B, C, D, etc. We must, in fact, train ourselves to think in terms of multiple causation. Usually this is not done, and the idea of single causation is dragged into the social sphere. Bad heredity is the cause of crime; bad environment is the cause of crime. Economic nationalism, private armament firms, the ambition of rulers, faulty social psychology—each is *the* cause of war. And so on. We must beware of reasoning thus. Bad heredity is *a* cause of crime; but so is bad environment.

And as well as multiple causation, we must think in terms of multiple effect. A single change introduced into a social system can never be evaluated in terms of a single effect. In discussing Prohibition, it was of negligible value as an argument to confine yourself to the fact that working-class earnings had increased. A measure of such scope was bound to have equally important effects on other aspects of life. A, B, C, are partial causes of X, but also, in varying measure, of Y, Z, etc.

To get full value out of social science, it is essential that the public shall be able to grasp the ideas of multiple causation and multiple effect, and that the sociologists themselves shall develop a technique—by way of partial correlation and the like—for handling such ideas in scientific practice.

Another important reform of principle will be the dropping of abstract terms such as *justice* or *truth* in sociological discussion

or at least seeing to it that they shall never be used without defined content, as if they had any absolute or unchangeable meaning.

Natural Science, on its rebirth after the end of the Middle Ages, had to do something similar. It had to rid itself of abstract principles, such as the principle of perfection (from which you could deduce that the paths of the heavenly bodies *must* be circular !) or the co-existent principles of lightness and heaviness existing in bodies (by which the scholastic philosophers could prove that Galileo must be wrong in saying that a light body fell as fast as a heavy one). Natural Science learnt to use general terms such as mass, energy, evolution, which are condensations from experience and have a definable content. Sociology, too, must (and can) learn to abandon the abstract and *a priori* and to develop terms and general ideas of a scientific type.

In a sense, however, the most difficult bit of methodology confronting Social Science is that of bias. I use the word in the most general sense, without any pejorative flavour, to denote the emotional and intellectual set, often quite unconscious, which no human beings, not even social scientists themselves, can avoid receiving from their personal and social environment. Sociology must perfect methods of discovering the existence and nature of bias, especially when disguised or unconscious : further, of allowing the investigator to discount his own bias, and, finally, of helping the social experimenter to control the bias of others.

The discounting of bias on the part of social investigators is in principle similar to the minimising of experimental error and personal equation in the natural sciences. We should expect to find, in the introduction to a good sociological paper, a statement as to how bias was so far as possible discounted. Further, so far as possible, the social scientist should aim at expressing his results in objectively expressible criteria, on which a reasonable consensus of agreement can be reached ; and wherever possible, the criteria should be in terms of multiple effect.

Once this has been attained, sociology can pay attention to the other and practically more important objective of studying bias in others with a view to its control. This obviously means a close linking of deep psychology with social science. But the importance of the study is obvious when we see the kind of social

problems arising out of it—problems that up to the present have received no solution, either theoretical or practical.

For instance, granted that public opinion and enthusiasm is of fundamental importance in social affairs, how is it to be best and most efficiently regulated? When does propaganda defeat its own ends? Is it inevitable that each generation shall, broadly speaking, react against some of the dominant ideas of the generation before? How much can be done by psychological means, and how much must remain to be done by altering the economic and other machinery of society?

However, I can still hear the objections of the purist from the natural science side of the fence, objecting that this is all very well, but that his fundamental objection still remains—namely, that the existence of bias and the lack of agreement as to values will always prevent the attainment by the social sciences of anything that can be called scientific truth, or of any objective criteria that will be generally accepted by all normal men. This is a grave objection, and I think it can be met only in one way. Science inevitably has a dual aspect: under one aspect it is an approach to truth, under another a means to control. In social science we are driven to stress the operational, practical side: the knowledge we gain not only can help us towards control, but can best be judged by the efficiency (in no mere mechanical sense) of the control which its application makes possible. *Solvitur operando* should be the motto of social science. This has been stressed by Marx and Lenin and other Marxist writers who have approached the philosophy of science from the social end; and if they have tended to over-emphasize the principle in regard to the natural sciences, they have done a real service in regard to the social sciences.

We must, unless we are mere defeatists, take the view that it is possible to achieve a control of social destiny, more intelligent in its methods and more desirable in its results than anything we have today. If so, then here, as in other fields, knowledge will help us towards control. This is, to my mind, the foundation on which social science can be justified; in so far as it accumulates social knowledge along scientific lines, it provides the basis for better and more efficient social action.

And this leads me to one final point. The very complexity of

social affairs is a sign-post to an improvement in scientific method. Society is so integrated that we can never get the same simple answers to our questions as we can to those about nature. But this integrated complexity which fills the physicist with hopelessness can be an inspiration to the sociologist. He sees that he can only meet integration without by means of integration within. He needs to devise better methods of co-ordination, both in regard to scientific research and in regard to taking action on the basis of research accomplished.

He can take heart from the biologist, who will tell him that in the course of the evolution of the nervous system, the early steps were in the direction of improving the separate avenues of knowledge via the sense organs, and the separate mechanisms of efficient action via the instincts. But the machinery for integrating knowledge in relation to experience, and for integrating action on the basis of this knowledge, was the last and apparently the most difficult step for evolving life.

Already a movement is on foot for integrating the different branches of scientific research. Sociology can only succeed if it pushes the machinery of scientific integration on to a new level. But if it does this, it will have done a great deal towards converting science from a series of isolated social nerve-centres into what it should and might become—a real brain for society.

THE HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT

By Colonel the Rt. Hon. Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M.P.

A TREASURY Minute of March 22nd, 1929, set up a Committee to report on the materials available for a record of the *personnel* and politics of past members of the House of Commons from 1264 to 1832, as well as on the cost and desirability of collecting, editing, and publishing the materials. The Report was published in July, 1932, on the centenary of the passing of the great Reform Bill (Command Paper 4130). The Committee judged that the task was possible and should be undertaken, and recorded their opinion in these words :

> " The importance of Parliament itself is a measure of the importance of its history. It is not necessary for us to stress that importance either now or for the last 670 years. We were the first people to govern ourselves through responsible representatives. We may be the last. The institution is so peculiarly English, has been so envied by other nations, and has been so widely copied and discarded and fought over, that the world has come to accept parliamentary government as a symbol of freedom. Parliament has acquired a sentimental value altogether distinct from its real utility or power. There is now a pride in it as a visible national emblem.
>
> " Nor is Parliament a cold and remote abstraction. It must always be to us a long series of assemblies of men who were our ancestors. There are histories of the institution. There are also histories of its actions. But of the men who gave the institution life, who shaped it, and in so doing shaped our history and even our minds, no record has ever been attempted. The reason is that the task has been too great for any private historian to attempt. This Report itself will indicate how great the task must be, and show the necessary research as being far beyond one man's powers."

An institution has its foundations in the past, and can only be understood through a knowledge of that past. The causes of its weaknesses, no less than of its strength, can only be diagnosed thereby. The knowledge of the way in which various forces have modified its character and utility in former times will show the operation of forces to-day, to which otherwise we might be blind. As the Judges have framed our law, as ecclesiastics have moulded our Church, so those who were Parliament made our

democracy. Moreover, the prestige of Parliament itself is a thing to be cared for at a time when Parliaments, less established and less fitting, are being broken in other countries. If we give members a sense of their community in a famous inheritance, we do much to restore both the dignity of their service and the respect in which they should be held.

" It would be difficult", said the Committee, " to exaggerate the usefulness of a record of Members of Parliament for the history of our country " ; and they thought the cost of preparation might be £30,000—or £36,000 if, as they hoped, the pre-Union Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland were included.

The next three years were spent in collecting the funds for the research and in trying to get the first period or volume ready for publication. Thus one might have a sample to criticize, show what might be done, what should be done, and why funds should be forthcoming. The Treasury have now consented to undertake the costs of publication in the reasonable hope that there may be a profit.

It became, however, increasingly clear that no mere lives of the commoners was enough, especially for mediæval times. What was wanted was a history of our Parliament right down to the collapse of foreign Parliaments, and of all the elements that went to make up Parliament. What had to be studied was the relation between Parliament and Government as well as that between Parliament and people. Our democracy is now the balancing result of endless interactions and communings between Parliament and Executive, between liberty and officialism, between anarchy and order, between two ever-opposing principles. It was for such a history that the money was raised, chiefly from and by those who have themselves been part of the living institution. This is the outline of the work which has seemed appropriate.

So far as England is concerned, the whole history will be divided into periods more or less as follows :—

From the earliest beginnings down to 1327.

1327 to 1377	1509 to 1558
1377 to 1399	1558 to 1603
1399 to 1439	1603 to 1640
1439 to 1509	1640 to 1660

1661 to 1688	1802 to 1832
1688 to 1714	1832 to 1866
1714 to 1760	1866 to 1885
1760 to 1801	1885 to 1918

These periods represent fairly well-marked stages of Parliamentary growth (or decline), and have the advantage of representing each about an equal number of Commons biographies, 2,500 to 3,000. If there are more biographies in each earlier period one must add that little can be discovered of the burgess members before 1400, and that five per cent. of all names are still unidentifiable in 1491.

The Scottish and Irish pre-Union Parliaments were not numerous as compared with some 100 English Parliaments since, and some 300 before 1509. But work equal to at least two more periods will be required if they are to be included. The age of greatest frequency of summons to Parliament was before 1320, and of greatest intervals between Parliaments 1492 to 1529, though the longest interval of all was 1629 to 1640. The numbers in the Commons decreased from, possibly, 500 in 1275 to 264 in 1437. Thereafter a gradual and steady growth brought the number up to 513 just before the Union with Scotland.

The scope of the work for the trial volume is as follows :—

The names of as many Members of Parliament as possible have been recovered—recovered from every source in national, municipal, and private records. Besides the actual returns of the sheriffs, there are now known lists of varying authority, M.P.s crop up in lawsuits and in letters or diaries, they can be recovered from records of the payment or election of members, and from the Journals of the House of Commons. We shall recover practically all, save some 2,000 commoners between 1461 and 1540, and the majority of those of both Houses who sat before 1300.

A.—From this will be prepared the Biographies.

Mere names, unidentified, are valueless ; and the next step—the first volume for each period—must be the biographies of the Members of the Commons, compressed to average 250 words apiece. The authorities used, and much else will be given in the footnotes to each " life ". These " lives " will pay special attention to the public work and offices, central and local, held

by each Member, to his age, trade or profession and family or political affiliation. Among the many John Suttons, the M.P. will be the " John Sutton of Blank, Suffolk ; of Lincoln's Inn ". This is identification ; the odds against there being two of the same name and place and profession are immense. This volume or volumes will be illustrated with reproductions of brasses, altar tombs, wills, coats of arms in colour, autograph signatures, chart pedigrees, and, if there are such, contemporary portraits or views of residence.

While this volume will be of service to the antiquary or to anyone writing on any subject dealing with that period, the Biography volume will serve also as raw material for the second volume—the Lists.

B.—The Lists.

These will be lists for each Parliament of all those summoned or elected to or present at that Parliament, beginning with the King's Principal Ministers and their offices at the time the writs were issued, and going on in turn with Bishops, (Abbots), Lay Peers, (Judges), (Receivers of Petitions), and the Commons. The Lists will be fully identified showing, as at that date, party (when known), approximate age, principal residence, occupation, local or national office and experience. In the case of the Peers, reference to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, or to the *Complete Peerage*, or, if previously an M.P., to the Biography volume, will indicate where the whole of the man's life (not merely the office held at the moment in that Parliament) may be traced. New Peers and, after 1530 when new writs were first made out by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, all by-elections will be given in chronological order at the end of each List. The names and figures for contested elections can be given in footnotes to the Lists, though after 1832 some different method must be adopted.

The List of each Parliament will be prefaced by the dates of the sessions and dissolution, and by a short account of the Acts and actions of that Parliament. There should also be a summary analysis of the composition of the Parliament, concerning age, interests, and so much of party as can be deduced from being " for " or " against " Government. Hitherto unpublished or critical division lists will be found at the end of the List of Members of either House.

While the biographical volume, being in alphabetical order, will not be indexed, a full index of all those in Parliament during the period in question should complete the Lists volume.

C.—Conclusions.

The Lists volume, providing facts, or what pass as such, should be the raw material of the third volume—deductions from those facts, conclusions as to the movement towards democracy. This is the volume useful to all mankind. Here there should be special studies on such matters as franchise and elections, constituencies, the control of electors, disputed elections, " carpet-baggers ", payment of Members, double returns, multiple elections, experience and continuous sitting, method and origination of legislation, the legislation itself, division of opinion, committee work, relations between public and Parliament, Parliament and Ministers, Ministers or Council and Crown, party and the organization of party, executive action independent of Parliament, finance. The nature and scope of these special articles will vary from one period to another. Some are simple deductions from the new facts ; most will have to be specially written articles by those experts whom our Universities are now turning out so well equipped and in considerable numbers. The list of special subjects might be indefinitely extended, save for the limitation of finance. Each historian in charge of a period must use his own judgment as to how to get most out of £2,000.

In the earliest times it should be possible to trace the parallel development and decline from similar beginnings of Parliaments in other lands—in Gascony, in France, in Spain. Scotland and Ireland will be dealt with on their own. Why did our Parliament alone survive the teething stage ? In later times the like attention should be given to the new outbreak of " Parliaments ", not only in America and in our Dominions, but elsewhere. It may be considered, too, why and how they have fallen short, why India will fail. If it had been known long ago that democracy must walk before it can run, and how gradual the change here has been from authority to the rule of Parliament—if it had been known how much has depended on the close association of the Executive with Parliament, and on the representation of all those in one area instead of the representation of interests, or party, or caste, or creed, the world might be more free to-day. If, in England,

non-residence had been a bar, and the value of " carpet-baggers " had never been understood—if M.P.s had been delegates of a parish pump instead of becoming equal members of the supreme court of Parliament requiring re-election at the hands of common people—if the Prime Minister (or the Speaker) were not " one of us " subject to all our troubles—then we, too, should long since have sunk into tyranny varied by violent revolution.

Here, then, is the method, scope, and object of the work. To show others, and to take pride ourselves ! For that purpose, £17,000 has been raised, enough to start selected periods. One, 1439-1509, is ready for publication, all save that third critical volume of deductions. How can we carry the work out—especially those third volumes of deductions and guidance ?

Some co-ordination and supervision there must be ; each period may be treated differently, or two may be joined as one, but the essentials as given above must be present in all—biographies potted to pattern, lists of both Houses with identifications, considered deductions by the best qualified persons. It is clear that two alternative methods are available. Historians may specialize in period or in subject. For instance, I myself, having had thirty years' practice, might do the biographies over 200 years—five periods ; someone of Professor Tout's school might do the Lists over as long a period, for Professor Tout has elucidated the sequence of the King's Principal Ministers throughout the fourteenth century ; Professor Gray has illuminated the processes and origination of legislation over as long a period. On the other hand, other historians specialize in periods—Henry VIII, Elizabeth, William and Mary, George III, etc.—names leap to the tongue. Either method might be adopted, or perhaps a combination of both.

Hitherto the History of Parliament Committee has favoured period specialization ; let the period historian select and pay his own subject specialists. He has honours students who will help. So the Committee felt, and if funds were unlimited, that way would probably be best. But the funds are seriously limited to £2,000 a period. To perfect any piece of historical work, however small, might demand all, for there is no end to perfection. If one man finished the money with a perfect dissertation on legislation and committee work but no biographies,

another with perfect biographies but no Lists or Conclusions, there would be no end to anything, except the patience of subscribers. Therefore, save in exceptional cases, there must be supervision and a central control over expenditure. There must be a model, and there must be trained advice.

Of course the Historians of Parliament do not enter virgin ground. Stubbs and Hallam, Gardiner and Erskine May, have been before them. Baldwin and Sir Harris Nicolas have dealt with the King's Council. Then there is *The Evolution of Parliament*, by Professor Pollard, which unfortunately ends when the Journals begin. It was the liberal illumination of this work which started the movement for a national History of Parliament, and it could not be improved upon until the *personnel* of Parliament was known. With *The Evolution of Parliament* as a background, the periods before 1509 are comparatively easy—save the first. For that mediæval time a model will shortly be available for imitation and criticism. But for the period after 1509, or after Pollard ceases with Henry VIII, when change was swift, when power was diversified, when far more is known—for those more modern times a model does not exist, and will be difficult to follow when in existence.

So much for the difficulties of organizing the work of research and production. What, if all works out to plan, should be the new light thrown on English History and through that on the preservation and perfection of democracy?

Pollard has long since shown us that Parliament was the supreme Court of Justice, so high that it occasionally required reinforcing by representatives of the nation; that in France, Parlements remained ever Courts of Law, and that the reinforcing of the supreme will was performed separately by the Etats Généraux—less and less necessary as the supreme will became independent of all. An almost accidental uniting of the two elements in England—justice and representation—ensured a different development leading towards democracy. But the occasional reinforcing of the Court would not have become, as it did within 60 years, the permanent automatic reinforcement of the Court of Parliament, had not the reinforcements liked the job. Perhaps this History will show not merely that men always wished to be elected to Parliament, but that most boroughs of any

wealth wished to be represented, and were willing to pay their representatives' wages. The wishes and the wages were two good reasons for the perdurance of the House of Commons. We may see that distant boroughs and counties liked it less—that strange clerks who had never seen Northumberland sat for Northumberland, that Cornishmen would come to Parliament representing two boroughs simultaneously, that " carpet-bagging " began in Carlisle.

The gradual rise in the popularity of a seat in the Commons can be seen in a dozen ways—the change in the character of borough representation, the advent of the lawyer, of the servants of the great, of Exchequer officials—all there for their own good, all there because people who wanted to go to Parliament need *not* be paid. Other indications are the growth of the number of boroughs returning members and the recommendations sought after by prospective candidates. What did they seek to gain ? A career, office, the ear of the great, or even an easy way of being helpful to a client. They met the rulers and enjoyed it ; the rulers met them and acquired knowledge of the land. So that gradually rulers, too, sought seats in the House.

Then when rulers sought seats in the Commons the next barrier was passed. The mixing of Parliament with High Court of Justice was followed by the mixing of Parliament with Executive—not union, but a mixing—further reinforcement. So knights and burgesses got to meet and mix, so magnate and official got to know each other and humbler folk—needing each other's help ; so caste was broken down. Without Parliament, government would have been centralized and Justices of the Peace would never have decentralized justice and administration. Yet without Parliament these Justices would never have formed into a united nation. The struggle between security and freedom is world-wide and age-long. When we see the *personnel* of long dead Parliaments, the interests and relationships and inter-dependence of the members, we may understand better how we in England have marvellously hit on the continuously redress-able though unstable balance between liberty and authority. At least we shall see the ups and downs of the two rival ideals.

Knowledge of the men in Parliament means knowledge of party, knowledge of public opinion, knowledge of principle

and of expediency. In every English Parliament there were always two parties—those who were for and those who were (often secretly) against the Government of the moment. Before religion divided men, Court and Country parties existed in essence in every Parliament. They represent more fundamental differences than Whig or Tory. In England, through Parliament, the Country party was ever vocal, sometimes formidable—an opposition which varied in person, but always found expression when the mixed crowd met together in Parliament. How much to that do we owe our freedom, and toleration, and humanity? What did Scotland lose by separating off the burghs, or Ireland by disfranchising Catholics? Perhaps when the House of Commons could be packed it was too impotent to be worth the trouble; when it became important, it was too numerous to find offices or satisfaction for all. We must know who they were, and what they had, before we can understand.

Again, perhaps, the first rise of the Commons was due to the oncoming of the civil lawyers, to their entry into the Common House. If there was a set back, perhaps the second rise was due to the majority of the Lords being, not the magnates, but ecclesiastics, so that the interests of the lay Peers were more fully represented in the Commons. No one knows yet how full Parliament was at any time of sons and dependents of the Peerage houses. Why did the seventeenth-century fight centre in the commons and not in the Lords? The ten great money-lending cities were not represented in the Lords; and the City of London to this day, the others till modern times, sent their own men, no carpet-baggers, to represent them in the Commons.

Now, in our day, a Prime Minister must sit in the Commons, one of the crowd. But when did it first happily occur to the King's principal Ministers of the Household, Exchequer, or Wardrobe, that if they could not be in or among the Lords *de jure* they had better sit with the Commons by election. One must even still ask who, at any time before 1832, were the twenty most important Ministers, even what the most important posts were styled. Who constituted the Cabinet under Charles II? Who were the all-important Chairmen of Committees under James I? Did they correspond to Ministers? What were the Committees? Had they executive power? If any one man

made Parliament—more than Simon de Montfort or Edward I, or Pym or Pitt or Peel or Gladstone—it was Thomas Cromwell. Who constituted Cromwell's co-executive (if we may not call it Cabinet), and how did he control his Reformation Parliament which lasted seven years and began the new epoch in Parliamentary history?

It is fairly easy to say now how exactly each General Election has gone since 1832; how many Whigs, Tories, Liberal-Conservatives, or Conservative-Liberals secured a return to Parliament. Since 1832 one could draw up something in the nature of a bumping-sheet. We can even gamble on "Majorities". But before 1832 we know merely the general impression of the day. "Fox's Martyrs" lost their seats in 1784. Who they were, even how many, even whether they were not in fact mainly North's Tory martyrs, no man knows save Professor Namier; and Professor Namier's Whigs are Tories, and his Tories Whigs, which alone will involve some rewriting of history.

How many contested elections were there when the great Reform Bill was fought in 1831? When the Exclusion Bill was fought in 1681? When the long Parliament was elected? What sort of numbers voted for Middlesex, or Yorkshire, for London, Bristol, York, and Norwich in the days when there was no registration of voters? How did they contest the election for Kent in 1455? Why was the Septennial Act so unpopular?

All these questions have a direct bearing on the evolution of democracy. None can be answered adequately till we know over the centuries what Parliament was composed of, what they did, what they thought, what electors thought of them, and how they got there. The machine depends on the men, for the men ever change the machine. As much do the men—that is England—depend on the machine, for the machine is ever changing them.

We owe much, perhaps most, to our religion—character. We owe much to those who on sea and land have died for England—our safety, our Empire, and our good pride. To many men of diverse minds we owe a language of unsurpassed utility and a literature unequalled for its beauty. But to those who made Parliament we owe our freedom and our justice, and in that Parliament is our hope. It is time that its history be written and set out in print by a grateful country as a memorial to the dead and a reminder to the living.

GERMANY'S PSYCHOLOGY OF SUCCESS

By C. F. Melville

WHEN Sir Samuel Hoare informed the world last month that Britain intended to maintain solidarity with her friends in Europe, and would make every effort to prevent its being broken up by the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, there was immediately a general relaxing of the tension throughout Europe. Every capital on the Continent, with the exception of Berlin, was relieved.

For the impression had been growing that events were moving rapidly towards a situation in which Germany would be able to exploit the differences between the ex-Allied Powers in such a way as to obtain for herself a dominant position in Europe. The British Foreign Secretary's declaration has done a great deal to calm the worst fears. But for this impression to be entirely removed it will be necessary for deeds to follow words ; and for the Western Powers not only to patch up their differences, but also to find a positive, constructive common policy.

This was brought home to me very forcibly in the course of a recent journey through the Danubian regions and the Balkans. Looked at from the East and the South-East, Germany presents an appearance of growing success and great potential strength. She is seen as a country of immense vitality, united in a single will and purpose. The ex-Allies, the " Stresa Powers ", on the other hand, are in many instances seen as the victims of their own shifting policies and divergent interests, and therefore as being in danger of becoming weaker as Germany grows stronger.

Everybody I met in these parts was convinced that Germany is preparing for a new move through Austria to Italy's Northern frontier and the Balkans ; and that her eventual aim is the domination of Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Opinions differed only as to whether the best way of dealing with German

expansionism was by resistance or by compromise. The one school of thought held that there was still time to throw a barrier across Germany's path. The other was convinced that a new European balance based upon the satisfaction of her aspirations was bound to be established in any case. But both points of view had the same inspiration : the belief in the inevitability of Germany's coming bid for power.

If Herr Hitler should eventually triumph in the Danubian regions, it would therefore be due not to the actual political facts of the situation—for the balance of forces working for and against German expansionism in these parts is by no means entirely in her favour—but to an imponderable which I would call the Nazi " psychology of success ". For Germany's principal asset is her amazing capacity for inducing her neighbours to share her own belief in the inevitability of her final victory. There is a great deal of truth in the old adage that " nothing succeeds like success ", and this is fully appreciated by the Nazi leaders, who have employed all their genius for propaganda to this end.

That this is the case is borne out, I think, by any objective consideration of the situations obtaining in the different countries of the Danube and the Balkans.

I happened to be in Belgrade when General Göring, the Prussian Premier and German Air Minister, paid his recent visit to the Yugoslav capital. He received an enthusiastic welcome from the populace. There were a number of reasons for this, most of them psychological rather than political. For one thing, the Germans understand better than the French the art of being " good mixers " with a people of the temperament of the Yugoslavs. Göring was heavy footed, and he made, as usual, a few *gaffes*, but on the whole his flamboyant, picturesque manner in the role of the hearty, military " good comrade " went down well enough with a virile, military people like the Yugoslavs.

Among other reasons must be accounted the lingering chagrin on the part of the masses at the memory of Marseilles. Certain commercial and military circles, from their own professional point of view, also incline towards Germany. And among the younger elements of the better educated classes there is a certain responsiveness to the attraction which one virile nation has for

another. What I have called the Nazi " psychology of success " is not without its appeal to Yugoslav youth.

This popular tendency has by no means turned Yugoslav foreign policy into positively pro-German channels. For it is less an actual political factor than a potential influence upon the shaping of events. But if to exaggerate it would be a mistake, to ignore it would be equally foolish. The men responsible for Yugoslav foreign policy are essentially the exponents of *Real-politik* ; cautious, realistic and adverse from political adventures. They are not in any way pro-German. They intend to remain faithful to existing engagements with France. But they decline to shoulder additional commitments in Central Europe in the interests of French foreign policy when that would involve them in the risk of being embroiled in a conflict with Germany without any advantages accruing to Yugoslavia.

Hence, in the discussions on the projected Danubian Pact for the preservation of Austrian independence, Yugoslavia is careful not to " buy a pig in a poke ". She is agreeable to treaties of non-aggression. She would accept a pact of non-interference if she could be sure—which she is not at present—that it would preclude the interference of Italy no less than of Germany in Austrian internal affairs. But she flatly refuses to have anything to do with a treaty of mutual assistance, arguing that, boiled down to plain facts, this would mean the use of the Yugoslav army to defend Austria against Germany in the interests of Italy. Furthermore, before she is willing to respond to the friendly advances of Italy—made at the instance of France, with a view to getting the Yugoslavs to adhere to the Danubian Pact—Yugoslavia, whose memory of some ten years or more of Italian hostility not unnaturally dies hard, will require concrete evidence of the sincerity of Italy's newly proffered friendship. This, it is suggested, could be afforded by an equitable settlement of the outstanding Adriatic and Albanian questions.

I had the good fortune to discuss these matters frankly with responsible quarters in Belgrade. Certain definite impressions resulted from these conversations. One was that as Yugoslavia regards the *Anschluss* as a less immediate threat to her interests than would be either a Habsburg restoration or the continued dependence of Vienna upon Rome, she will not participate in

any plans for the preservation of Austrian independence which give to Italy a privileged position in Austria. Another was that in the absence of a united policy on the part of Britain, France, and Italy, Yugoslavia could not be expected to pull the Austrian chestnuts out of the German fire, especially as she would have nothing to gain and much to lose by quarrelling with Germany, with which country she has no immediate differences. On the other hand, it was clear that in the interests of peace and stability she would co-operate willingly enough in any solution of the Austrian problem in which all the countries concerned, including Italy and the Little Entente, were on an equal footing. And underlying all this was the suggestion, indicated rather than actually said, that if Britain, instead of Italy, took the initiative, Yugoslavia would come into line.

The inability of the French to realize this in all its implications has so far rendered it impossible for them to obtain that active collaboration of Yugoslavia, without which any schemes for the preservation of Austrian independence within a general Danubian framework must inevitably come to naught. I have dwelt upon the Yugoslav aspect of the situation at some length because, as the strongest element in the Little Entente and Balkan Bloc groupings, Yugoslavia holds a key position in the matter. The fact that this has been appreciated better in Berlin than in London and Paris has left gaps in the defence of the Danubian *status quo* of which Berlin may not be slow to take advantage.

Indeed, Germany has already tried to drive a wedge between the different members of the Little Entente. When General Göring went to Belgrade he said much less than he had originally intended to say, because the Government of M. Yevtitch made it clear that it was not disposed to discuss any definite proposals. Concrete offers were not made, and discussions were kept on the platonically friendly plane. At the same time everybody knew that the *arrière pensée* of Berlin was to take advantage of Italo-Yugoslav differences and the Hungarian drift away from Rome to Berlin and to offer inducements to Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to come together in a common philo-German policy. This was one of the original inspirations of General Göring's visits to Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia. Hints were in any case given in Budapest that Hungary should drop her revisionist

claims against Yugoslavia, and, with German support, concentrate on the reclamation of her one-time Slovak and Ruthene Provinces from Czechoslovakia. Such an idea fitted in admirably with Germany's plan to subjugate Austria and reduce Czechoslovakia to a negligible quantity, bring Hungary into the German sphere of influence, and extend the frontiers of a Greater Germany to the borders of Italy and Yugoslavia, and beyond. Happily for the peace of Europe, the atmosphere in Belgrade, although friendly to Germany in a general sort of way, was not conducive to the discussion of this proposal.

This brings me to a consideration of the points of view of Yugoslavia's partners in the Little Entente—Rumania and Czechoslovakia—in regard to the German threat to Austria.

Czechoslovakia shares the views of Yugoslavia as to the undesirability of a Habsburg restoration. She is, moreover, the principal advocate of an Austrian solution within a general Danubian framework. I have often discussed with Dr. Benes, the Foreign Minister, his plan for such a solution. At the same time, although the three partners of the Little Entente are at one in resisting treaty revision, there are shades of differences in their outlook on the question of Austro-German union.

The Yugoslavs, as I have said, while not enamoured of the idea, would regard it as the lesser of two evils. Rumania, although M. Titulesco once said that he " preferred the German sauerkraut to the Italian macaroni ", and refrains from opposing the *Anschluss* on nationalist lines, nevertheless regards it as politically inexpedient. To Czechoslovakia, however, the *Anschluss* would constitute a threat to her very existence as an independent State.

The possibility of Austro-German union, whether by the open method of *Anschluss* or the camouflage method of *Gleichschaltung*, always a potential menace to Czechoslovakia, has recently become an even more active menace since the emergence in that country, amongst the Bohemian Germans, of the thinly disguised Nazi Party of Herr Konrad Henlein, known as the *Sudetten Deutsch Heimat Front Partei*. This is probably not at the moment much of a danger to Czechoslovakia, because Herr Henlein is faced with the problem of reconciling the fundamental Nationalist aims of his party with the various and conflicting sectional economic and social interests of which it is composed. In this respect the

very democracy which obtains in Czechoslovakia is a safeguard for the Czechoslovak State. These considerations, together with the determination of the Czechs not to stand any nonsense from Herr Henlein should his loyal words be belied by disloyal deeds, should prevent this latest example of the penetration of *Auslandsdeutschtum* by Hitlerism from becoming unduly troublesome to the Republic for some time to come. But in the event of any kind of Austro-German union it is not difficult to conceive the Sudetten Germans in the role of a Germanic wooden horse of Troy inside Czechoslovakia.

Faced with these potential threats to her independence from both within and without, Czechoslovakia has taken the precautionary measure of setting up a defensive counterpoise in the form of mutual assistance treaties with France and Russia. Dr. Benes would like to see the mutual assistance system extended to the Danube. Hence his advocacy of a Danubian Pact of Non-Interference, which should include, or at least have associated with it, a series of pacts of mutual assistance. Dr. Benes believes that the difficulty of defining the exact meaning of non-interference could be surmounted with a little good will and give-and-take all round. He is also of the opinion that if Britain would take a lead, the various Danubian States would compromise on their differences and fall into line in a Danubian Pact.

One has the impression in Prague that in spite of centuries of past struggle and an ingrained resolution to withstand any revival of Habsburgism, the Czechs nevertheless have a specially good understanding of the Austrian problem. It was Czechoslovakia, for instance, which, whilst opposing Habsburg restorationism, advised against any demand being made on the Austrian Government for a formal renunciation of the restoration in advance. Similarly it was Dr. Benes who first put forth the suggestion that the man best qualified to give a definition of non-interference in Austria was Dr. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor. The incidence of a common German menace confronting both States probably accounts for the fact that although there is not an undue amount of love lost between Vienna and Prague, there is an easier mutual understanding of each other's problems than there is between Vienna and the other Danubian capitals.

With regard to Austria, she is the pivot upon which all these questions turn. The situation is an anxious one, because, after having made the initial mistake of leaving the job of defending Austrian independence almost exclusively to Italy, which in itself fundamentally weakened Austria's own internal powers of resistance to Germany, Britain and France have not been able to devise anything constructive to put in its place now that Italy's growing preoccupation with Abyssinia threatens to weaken her interest in Austria. The real danger lies in the possibility that Italy, her hands full in Abyssinia, may be driven to make a compromise with Germany over Austria. It was this possibility which largely accounted for the refusal of France to comply with the British suggestion that the League should be invoked against Italy in regard to Abyssinia. Nevertheless, it is untrue to say, as too many foreign commentators have done, that the battle for Austrian independence is already lost.

Space does not permit of a detailed examination of the Austrian internal situation. It may suffice to say that the Government of Herr von Schuschnigg, although a minority one, has so far succeeded in keeping the situation in hand, and that, in spite of its many present difficulties and its heritage of mistakes from its predecessors, it has already made some considerable headway in the task of educating the people in the " Austrian " idea.

Those observers who seek to over-simplify a complicated situation are apt to talk glibly of " percentages " of political allegiances amongst the Austrian people. They fail to see that the situation is too subtle to permit of any such arithmetical computation. The actual number of radical out-and-out Nazis is smaller than is popularly supposed, and there are shades of difference in point of view even amongst the Nazis themselves as to the extent to which a National-Socialist Austria should be incorporated in Germany. What appears to add to their numbers is that not inconsiderable section of the population which sympathises with the Nazis, not so much out of any positive belief in National-Socialist doctrines as from the negative motive of dislike of the present regime and its Italian background.

If the position at present occupied almost exclusively by Italy could be extended to embrace a wider constellation of Powers, including the active participation of Britain, then there is little

doubt that this indeterminate section of the population, at present inclining for negative reasons towards Nazism, could be won over to " Austrianism ". All the more so because it would then be possible to broaden the basis of the Government—a move difficult to envisage under present conditions—and thus group around it a majority internally to combat the Nazi menace.

All things considered, therefore, it is equally true of Austria —although of all the Danubian States she is obviously the most exposed to German pressure—as of any other country in Central Europe, that if the Germans should one day obtain the upper hand it will be due less to the actual facts of the situation than to a psychological condition which presupposes the inevitability of an eventual German success. What is necessary to obviate this —as Chancellor Schuschnigg has himself truly said—is immunity from pressure from Germany so that there may be sufficient time in which to build up a stable Austria.

I have insisted very strongly on the danger which the absorption of Austria by Germany would mean to the peace of Europe, because this would be but the first step in the much bigger German plan to create a German-controlled *Mitteleuropa* in the Danube, which in turn would be the beginning of a great German penetration through the Adriatic and the Balkans, to the Mediterranean and the Near and Middle East. If Austria goes, Czechoslovak independence would be reduced from a reality to a shadow, and although the South Slavs might be strong enough for a time to live in normal relationship with a Greater Germany whilst at the same time resisting her penetration, in the long run the enormous weight of the German colossus would break down all resistance.

The eventual aim of such a German domination of the greater part of Eastern, Central, and South-Eastern Europe would be the destruction of British supremacy in Asia.

There is still time, however, in which to bar and bolt the door on German expansionism in Central, Eastern, and South-Eastern Europe. But it will require at once more realism and more imagination, and, above all, more courage than has so far been displayed by either London or Paris.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE LATIN TRADITION

By G. K. Chesterton

I FEAR the title I have chosen is what we should call a priggish title ; that is, a pompous and pedantic title. The world has always rightly rebuked even a scholar when he appeared as a pedant ; and it may well regard with reasonable derision a pedant who is not even a scholar. As will appear only too clearly as I proceed, I make no remote claim to classical scholarship ; and it may well be asked why I should label this essay with the name of classicism.

What I would here advance, very broadly, is this thesis : first, that the English are not barbarians : that the division between England and Europe has been enormously exaggerated. I admit it has sometimes been exaggerated by the English. But that is because, quite lately, England was dominated not only by the English who were ignorant of Europe but rather specially by the English who were ignorant of England. For my main thesis may appear more of a paradox. I want specially to insist that the classical tradition, the Latin and Greek tradition in English history was the popular thing, the common thing ; even the vulgar thing. All those three words, " common " and " popular " and " vulgar," are Latin words. I do not know whether the Anglo-Saxons even had a word for vulgar ; the real modern Anglo-Saxons are much too refined. A culture must never be judged by its cultured people. The Latin culture lives in Britain in the uncultured people. It is not a question of English scholars who know Latin. Kamchatkan scholars know Latin ; and if there are any Esquimaux scholars, of course they know Latin. They know the Latin scientific word for blubber ; and possibly write Latin odes to the walrus, addressing him in the vocative as " walre ".

The point is not concerned with the learned ; they know Latin, and they know it. My point is that the populace, the common

men, know it without knowing it. Even the old yokel who said, "I ain't no scholar", used a term older than the Schoolmen, as old as the Roman schools. It is not a matter of a Roman pinnacle, but of a Roman pavement. Our populace in every way is such a pavement; and not least, in being trampled under foot. For, as I shall try to show, it was the popular Roman tradition that was trampled under foot; and if anything was imposed by aristocrats, it was the pretence of being Anglo-Saxons. Matthew Arnold used the term Barbarian almost as a compliment to an English gentleman; and there was a time quite recently when it was very genteel to be a Barbarian. But it was never very popular, even then, and it had never been heard of before. I wish chiefly to suggest here that it will never be heard of again. The old influence of the southern civilization had sunk so deep in Britain from the beginning, that it was really almost as impossible to weed out the Latin culture from England as to weed it out from Italy. Suppose somebody tried to persuade Italians that their heritage came only from German mercenaries or English trippers or American globe-trotters. Some professors might say that; for professors might say anything. But it would not be necessary to find more sane and patriotic professors to answer. If these were silent, the very stones would cry out. Not merely the ruins, but the common stones; the stones along the Roman road.

Now, in a much less degree, it is true that the very bones of Britain cried out against the myth that she was barbaric. Our country began as a Roman Province. Popular legend connected it with Brutus, proper history, connected it with Cæsar. It was such a Province in all common talk and tradition. Only when it ceased to be a Province did it become provincial. It is found not in judgments but in jokes; not in odes but in oaths; in common swear words. I will give one case, because it happens to sum up my thesis. I had a debate with a gentleman who denied all this; he said the English were descended only from Vikings; and could therefore despise all others who were only descended from Roman soldiers or Renaissance artists or such riff-raff. He sent me a huge book, refusing all Latin friendship in the title *By Thor, No!* I delicately evaded reading his book, or the whole of his book; but I said I would prove my whole case

merely from the title of the book. I said to him, in effect, " I will give a hundred pounds to the Home for Decayed Vikings, if you can name to me any kind of Englishman, at any period since there have been any kinds of Englishman, who ever in his life said, or even thought of saying, ' By Thor.' But I, on the other hand, will show you thousands and millions of Englishmen, men in clubs, men in pubs, men in trams and trains, ordinary business men grumbling at City dinners, old colonels cursing and swearing on racecourses, all sorts of perfectly ordinary Englishmen, who have habitually said, and do still sometimes say, ' By Jove ' ". That is the real story of English literature and life ; since Cæsar, before or after his British adventure, must have gone up to the throne of the Thunderer upon the Rock of the Capitol. *De Jove Principium ;* the song began from Jove.

Let me give some examples. The point is that the classic may be found even in the comic ; in comic songs, and in those patriotic songs that are unfortunately sometimes rather like comic songs. Here is a rude rhyme about St. George and the Dragon, meant to be sung as a drinking-song in the seventeenth century, with a shout for a chorus. Note that it is full of that vagueness about a very remote past, which is the mark of hero-worship by hearsay ; the ballad-monger mentions such names as he happens to have heard, Heaven knows where.

Of the deeds done by old kings
  Is more than I can tell,
And chiefly of the Romans
  Who greatly did excel,
Hannibal and Scipio
  Had many a bloody fight,
And Orlando Furioso
  Was a very gallant knight.

That is not exactly of marble, in the manner of Racine or Alfieri ; but it is classical all right. It comes out of a people living directly or indirectly on the classics. A rowdy and absurd patriotic song was devoted to the British Grenadiers ; but in order to praise those island warriors, it began ; " Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules." In the loneliest inland hamlets, or the dreariest slums of the modern towns, English children can still be found playing a singing-game, with the chorus ; " For we are the Romans ". Thus, the great legend of Greece and

Rome, and the glory of antiquity, has soaked through our society also, descending through poets to ballad-mongers and from ballad-mongers to gutter-boys ; and even to me. I may be regarded for the purpose here as the dunce of the school ; but it was, in the medieval phrase, a grammar-school ; and began with the Latin grammar.

Perhaps, however, the greatest name will be the best illustration. It was often said that Shakespeare is the typical Englishman He is certainly the typical Englishman in the fact that he had " small Latin and less Greek ". That is the only quality in which an average Englishman like myself can claim to share. He had " small Latin and less Greek " ; but he had plenty of Plutarch, and he was stuffed to bursting with the classical spirit. Consider, for instance, that he was of the Tudor time, which worshipped monarchy and was always saying, " There's such divinity doth hedge a king ". And then consider what a revolution the mere reading of Plutarch in a translation could effect, in making the same man write :

> There was a Brutus who would have seen the eternal devil keeping state
> in Rome
> As easily as a king.

But in a much deeper sense, Shakespeare was classical, because he was civilized. Voltaire criticized him as a barbarian. Victor Hugo admired him as a barbarian. But he was not a barbarian. The Germans have even admired him as a German ; but by some strange accident of birth, he was not even a German. The point here, however, is that the classical spirit is no matter of names or allusions. I will take only one example to show what I mean by saying that Shakespeare was every bit as classical as Milton. Just before Othello kills his wife, he utters those words :

> If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
> I can again thy former light restore,
> Should I repent me ;—but once put out thy light,
> Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
> I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume.

Let me explain why I find it convenient to my argument to take this phrase as a type of the classical. Every classical phrase means much more than it says ; in contrast with the too vivid and violent modern phrase, which says much more than it means.

Whether it be romanticism in the nineteenth century, or realism in the twentieth century, its weakness is that it says so much more than it means. The phrase of Shakespeare, like the phrase of Virgil, is always much greater than its occasion. The cry of Othello goes far beyond the death of Desdemona ; it goes far beyond death itself ; it is a cry for life and the secret of life. Where is the beginning of that bewildering splendour by which we are ; why can we not make life as we can make death ? It may be worth remark in passing that even chemists who once claimed to manufacture everything, who could make synthetic leather or linen, have finally agreed that they cannot make synthetic life. They tell us that peculiar conditions must have existed once somewhere ; though their laboratories should surely be capable of creating any conditions that could exist anywhere. " I know not where is that Promethean heat " ; nor do they. That cry still resounds unanswered in the universe. But the point for the present is that this profound resonance, striking such echoes out of such hollows and abysses, could not be thus achieved without a very deep understanding of classical diction. It could not be done without the word " Promethean " ; without the legend of Prometheus ; without those rolling polysyllables that are the power of Homer and Virgil. In one practical and prosaic sense, of course, a man might say what Othello says. He might say, " If I kill this woman, how the devil am I to bring her to life again " ; but hardly with majesty ; hardly with mystery ; not precisely with all those meanings and echoes of meanings which belong to a great line of verse. But we need hardly condescend to deal with the realistic critic ; the serious gentleman who points out the unquestionable fact that a man just about to smother his wife with a pillow does not talk about Prometheus or speculate on the spiritual origin of life. It is enough to tell him, to his bewilderment, that the soul never speaks until it speaks in poetry ; and that in our daily conversation we do not speak ; we only talk.

I have dwelt too long on that one example ; but it happens to be essential to the end of my argument to insist that Shakespeare did possess a certain great quality that is sometimes denied to him, as well as many other great qualities, which are generally conceded to him. Shakespeare did not merely possess the things

which Victor Hugo magnified and which Voltaire mocked ; wild imagination, wonderful lyric outbursts and the power of varying tragedy with the fantastic and the grotesque. His work was more patchy than that of pure classicists like Virgil or Racine, largely owing to the accident of his own personal circumstances, mixed motives and practical necessities. But the patchwork did not consist only of purple patches. I mean it did not consist only of passages that are vivid in the romantic or unrestrained manner. He was also capable of that structural dignity, and even of that structural simplicity, in which we feel that we could rest upon every word, as upon the stones of a stairway or a strong bridge. And it is also important to realize, in relation to the rest of the thesis, that, after all, it was this classical part of Shakespeare, much more than the romantic part of Shakespeare, that was handed on as a heritage to the English poets immediately after him. His triumph was not followed by a riot of fairies ; but, on the contrary, by a return to Hellenic gods or Hebraic archangels. By the soliloquies of Satan and the choruses of *Samson Agonistes* Milton in his youth exaggerated the youthful irresponsibility of Shakespeare ; describing him merely as Fancy's child, who warbled his native wood-notes wild. But Milton did not continue the work, merely warbling wood-notes or behaving as fancifully as a child of fancy. He set himself to do consistently and consciously what Shakespeare had only done incidentally and unconsciously ; to bring English literature into the full inheritance of Latin literature and the classical culture of the Continent.

Dryden, the next great name after Milton, was in some ways even more classical and certainly much more Continental. The whole tendency of his movement, which culminated in Pope, was to make English poetry not only rational enough to suit Boileau, but almost rational enough to soothe Voltaire. The tendency had its deficiencies in other ways ; but that is not the point here. The point here is that with the coming of the full eighteenth century, English literature is entirely classical even in the merely scholarly sense of a study of the classics. I summarize these things in a series, because they illustrate the main truth of how long that Latin tradition retained its continuity ; how steady was its progression ; and, above all, how very late, how very odd, and how very temporary, was its interruption

English-Latin literature and English-French literature are much older than English literature. The Middle Ages were international; and England was completely Continental. But even if we begin with Chaucer, who created English by making it more than half French, the tradition of the classics runs on steadily for fully five hundred years. The last point at which it was undisputed might be represented by Macaulay. And he is an excellent example of my whole thesis. Macaulay had not, perhaps, a first-class mind; but he was completely in contact with the common mind. He was not one of our best writers; but he was emphatically one of our best-sellers. He was, above all, a popular writer; and he was popular because he was classical; in the sense that he took a classical education for granted. He identified England with a classical education; and in one place he quotes a line from one of Milton's Latin poems in threatening an attack on what he would call the new cranks in Germany; "*Frangere Saxonicos Brittanno Marte phalanges*": "To break the Saxon ranks with British battle". That phrase is a landmark; because it shows that not only Milton, but also Macaulay, thought of himself simply as British, and Saxon simply as German. England had not yet been taught that Englishmen were all Saxons; but under the name of Anglo-Saxons.

But while Macaulay was girding himself to attack the German cranks, there had already arisen in his own time and country a German crank who was not a German. His name was Thomas Carlyle; and he threw himself enthusiastically into a new racial theory that had come to England from Germany. It must be most carefully understood that it was a theory of race and not of nationality. The nations of Europe are now all under conditions that are recognized. Politically, each is independent of all the others. Culturally, each is connected with all the others. For all inherit the civilization of antiquity and of ancient Christendom. Germany, considered as one of the great European States, would be no proper subject for criticism here; but then Germany, considered as a great European State, is just as much a growth of the old civilization as the other European States. Classic antiquity was stamped all over it, whether we like the symbols or no; its eagle was the Roman eagle; its Kaiser was only the German for Cæsar; even its Iron Cross was said to be of Christian

origin. Its great medieval men were in full touch with the common culture, from Albertus Magnus to Albert Dürer. And it was, if possible, even more true in modern times than in medieval times. Goethe was, perhaps, the most purely classical sort of classicist who ever lived ; and his watch was much more on the Mediterranean than on the Rhine. And Schiller called back from Hades the gods of Olympus and not the gods of Asgard.

What appeared in the North in the nineteenth century was an entirely new notion about Race, as distinct from nationality. The new figure that appeared was not the German, but rather the Teuton. And a thing called the Teutonic Race, afterwards called the Nordic Race, and in moments of aberration, the Aryan Race, was supposed to include the English as well as the Germans ; at any rate by the Germans and by an increasing number of the English. This Nordic notion changed nineteenth-century England. All the educated English were taught something that none of the English had ever thought of in all their thousand years of history. It was, I repeat, an interpretation of history in general terms of Race ; it must not be confounded with the normal idea of nationality, or any sort of patriotism. No people were ever so passionately patriotic, not to say pig-headedly patriotic, as the English of the eighteenth century, whose effective classes wrote, spoke, and almost thought in Latin and Greek, and lived by the culture of the Continent. The English were most English in the time when Johnson wrote all his epitaphs in Latin and Gibbon nearly wrote his great history in French. But this new nineteenth-century theory of race altered everything, at least in the most cultured class. A nation defends its boundaries, or it may want to extend its boundaries ; but it is always upon some theory connected with the nature of boundaries. A race has no boundaries ; or at least it is impossible to prove that it has any boundaries. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Austria, England, are entirely distinct as nations. But the tribal theory, that arose in Germany and spread to England, invoked Scandinavian as well as Saxon gods ; and talked as if the Anglo-Saxon race lived in Saxony. If the Teutonic tribalists of that time had wanted to annex Norfolk and Suffolk instead of Alsace and Lorraine, they would have had a better case on their own theories of language and

ethnology. The very names of the North Folk and the South Folk would have shown that they in the great Teutonic folk's kultur "included were".

This modern or recent English cult of the Barbarian was a bad thing; for it is chiefly responsible for the international impression that the Englishman is a bad European. For by definition the Barbarian is a bad European. Now it is my chief aim here to insist that the Englishman can be, and has now every intention of being, a good European. And for that purpose, I have here insisted on three facts about this racial fad which reacted against the classic tradition of the Mediterranean. First, on how very late it was in our history; belonging to the time of my father, but not of my grandfather; and coming at the end of a thousand years of ever-accumulating classicism. Second, on how very superficial it was; even socially superficial, almost in the sense of snobbish. For, as I have already insisted, the Latin tradition is not a learned thing belonging to learned men; on the contrary it is the common thing and the popular thing. In England, the classical past has penetrated into every cranny of common life, into the conversational speech and the very texture of the society. Greek and Latin, as an influence, are not a luxury of any oligarchy. On the contrary, it was the reaction towards barbarism that was the mere affectation of an aristocracy. It was the tribal Teutonism that was a fashion for the fashionable. Professors who were academic, and often aristocratic, talked about Folklore; and duchesses organized Folk-Dances. But anybody might talk about heroic conduct, about platonic love, about a herculean effort, about a hectoring manner, about working for somebody like a trojan or bearing a toothache like a stoic. Any modern Englishman might speak of a forum for discussion, or a quorum for an ordinary board-meeting of a company. But not many modern Englishmen, going to a committee, ever say to us gaily, "Let us go along to the Folk-moot". Few Anglo-Saxons trouble about whether the purest Anglo-Saxon requires them to talk about a waggon or a wain. But they all talk Latin when they want an omnibus.

It is often said by the very young today, that the Victorian Age, that is, the later nineteenth century in England, was a time of conventional virtue, a time of solid and stolid respectability.

It was exactly the opposite. It was the one and only occasion on which the English went mad in favour of Barbarism. It was the one wild appearance of the Barbarian after a thousand years. From the time when the real Anglo-Saxons prayed in the Litany to be delivered *ab ira Normanorum*, from the fury of the Northmen, to the time when Lord Macaulay desired, as already noted, to break the Saxon ranks with a British attack like that of King Arthur, there had never been one single word said in all English literature in favour of the Barbarians against the grandeur of Rome. And the third thing about the barbaric interlude, on which I would insist most of all, is that it was ephemeral. It appeared in England very late and it disappeared from England very soon. Wild as it was while it lasted in the romances which were called the histories of Carlyle and Freeman and Froude, it never lasted long enough to disturb even the rather dismal externals of traditional life. It was the don walking about in a chimneypot hat with muttonchop whiskers who for a moment imagined himself wearing a winged helmet and wild golden hair. But even then his Victorian love of peace kept him to the hat and forbade him the helmet. In Germany, as we know, the course of events was somewhat different. But that parallel would alone be enough to prove my point. I speak here merely of cultural and literary expression ; and everyone knows that in poems and dramas, quite apart from politics, Germany showed in the nineteenth century, and is now showing again in the twentieth century, wider and wilder visions and versions of the conception of Goths as gods.

The point here is not political ; indeed, the political rulers of Germany, whatever we may think of them, have disowned some of the wilder forms of this Pagan revival. But the really significant point is that, whatever be the merits of the Germanic revival in Germany, there has been no Germanic revival in England. England has the difficulties, and some of the decadent elements, of all modern States ; but there is not the slightest sign of the old Nordic Superman stirring again in his grave. In history, as a whole, the Victorians will be left alone with their Vikings. English culture most certainly will not suffer another Barbarian Invasion. But the barbaric fancy has been shed so rapidly, precisely because it was not even a fancy of genuine barbarians,

but a fad of sophisticated snobs. It has gone quickly out of fashion, for the reason I have emphasized; that it never was anything except a fashion of the few; and the common people are full of the common heritage of Europe. What was once common may often have become vulgar; but in this sense even when it is vulgar it is still classical. The imagery and terminology of it are still classical. The Regius Professor at the University of Oxford wrote letters to *The Times* to prove that his very remote ancestors were moved entirely by the tragedy of Baldur; but meanwhile the grocer's assistant and the errand-boy in the town of Oxford were still sending out vulgar Valentines covered with classical cupids; the last forlorn appearance of the little loves that lamented over the sparrow of Lesbia in the verses of Catullus. The nineteenth-century intellectuals went to the Wagner operas to watch Valkyrs and the Wotans of Nordic myth. But the cabman and the costermonger, who did not know a Valkyr from a Wagnerite, and to whom Götterdämmerung would only sound like a swear word, continued contentedly to go to the music-hall, which is still named after the Muses.

The Nordic Man or, in other words, the Northman, will never again cross the North Sea. We all know that, for good or evil, he has had a great resurrection in Germany; but it seems to me almost as important a fact, and a much more neglected fact, that there has been no sign of his return to England. England will always respect, as Europe will always respect, all that is best in German art, in German music and drama, and even in German philosophy. But this particular sort of German measles will never again be wafted across the German ocean to infect the British Islands. We all know that in Germany itself the old theory is once more all the rage, and even more raging; the word Aryan has been dug up again from among the discarded theories of the early nineteenth century; and the Swastika has been taken from Chinese temples and the wigwams of Red Indians to be the unique symbol of the Aryan Race. Of all that, I am not here to judge; but it does seem to me a matter of some importance to Europe to peace and international problems which now press upon us all, that England shows not the faintest sign of being attracted again to the barbaric fancy of Teutonism. The best, the most responsible and respectable sort of Englishman

will no longer be persuaded that his highest boast is being related to a few Danish pirates. Rather will he stand up, with ten centuries of his civilization behind him, and say those words which Shakespeare put into the mouth of one of the noblest of his characters ; " I'm more the antique Roman than the Dane." I have, in a sense, made these suggestions pivot upon the name of Shakespeare, because he is, as I have said, in nothing more obviously the normal Englishman than in the fact that his whole culture was Greek and Latin, and yet he knew hardly any Latin or Greek. But he belonged to a time, and he inherited a history, in which it was never counted conceivable that England should really be separate from Europe. No man has suffered more than Shakespeare from being quoted ; and nothing normally is less Shakespearean than a quotation from Shakespeare. Thus the world has been bored with poor Juliet's casual and emotional exclamation : " What's in a name ? ", as if the poet who used words like " Hercules " and " Hecuba " as he did was ever so silly as to suppose that there was nothing in a name. In the same way, an extraordinary impression has been created that Shakespeare was entirely insular, merely by quoting about a line and a half out of a long passage in which he takes a very natural poetical pleasure in the fact that England is an island. It would be quite enough to quote the rest of the passage, to show that though Shakespeare liked England to be an island, he did not in the least like it to be an insular island. Everyone will know the tag I mean, the first lines about, " This precious gem set in a silver sea, that serves it for the purpose of a wall ". He goes on to praise this fortress, but what does he praise it for ? In what warfare is that fortress shown as famous and triumphant ? Because it was the seat of princes :

> Renowned for their deeds as far from home
> As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
> Of the world's ransom, Blessed Mary's Son.

Why did Shakespeare think the English had been glorious ? Because they had gone on the Crusades. Because they had ridden with Tancred the Italian, and with Godfrey the Frank, to the defence of a common Christian civilization. We have cast in our lot with civilization ; and we shall not again forget what was found by Cæsar and refounded by Augustine

ENGLAND AND ITALY

By Sir John Marriott

"EVERY Englishman has two loves: Old England, and Young Italy". Our poets, from Shelley down to the Brownings, have always been ecstatic about Italy. But those words were uttered, not as one would have guessed, by a sentimental poet, but by a hard-bitten soldier, the late Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. And they are true. The friendship of England and Italy has constituted, for nearly a century, one of the strongest strands in the tangled web of European diplomacy. That friendship is to-day gravely imperilled. It is the purpose of this article to recall the memory of that friendship, and to do all that lies in a publicist's power to avert the disaster that a breach of it would involve.

The friendship of England and Italy dates from the early days of the *Risorgimento*. For thirty years the Italian States had lain in the grip of Austria. But in 1848 came the "Year of Revolution" when all the Habsburg dominions attempted to throw off the yoke of Vienna. The Whig Government in England had always looked upon the Habsburg monarchy as the embodiment of the spirit of reaction, and openly proclaimed their sympathy with the "revolutionary" movement in Italy. Lord Palmerston, who was then at the Foreign Office, favoured the formation of an Italian federation, one unit of which should be a large North Italian kingdom, stretching from the Alps to the Adriatic under the House of Savoy. This would have absorbed, of course, the Italian provinces directly under Habsburg rule—Lombardy and Venetia—as well, probably, as several of her "client" States. Lord Palmerston professed to believe that the Habsburg Empire would be strengthened rather than weakened by the loss of its Italian provinces. "I cannot regret", he wrote to King Leopold of Belgium, "the expulsion of Austria

from Italy. . . . Her rule was hateful to the Italians, and has long been maintained only by an expenditure of money and an exertion of military effort which left Austria less able to maintain her interests elsewhere. Italy was to her the heel of Achilles, and not the shield of Ajax. The Alps are her natural barrier and her best defence ".

But the Habsburgs came through the troubles of 1848-49 triumphantly. The Italian movement collapsed, and throughout the peninsula, from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, the supremacy of Austria was completely re-established.

Yet the Italy of 1849 was not the Italy of 1815. In the minds of Italian patriots there had sprung up a new hope which rested on the House of Savoy. Moreover, Victor Emmanuel had called to his Councils the greatest statesman modern Italy has produced, and in 1854, Cavour and his master came to one of those decisions which make or mar the destinies of a nation. They decided to send a Sardinian contingent to fight side by side with England and France in the Crimea. Cavour was determined that Sardinia should recover—in the only way open to her—the good name lost in the war of 1848-9. " You have the future of Italy in your haversacks "—such was his parting message to the troops as they left for the Crimea. The response came presently from a soldier in the trenches before Sebastopol: " Out of this mud Italy will, we hope, be made ". It was.

Cavour was enabled to take his place among the diplomatists who, in 1856, met in Paris to arrange the terms of peace. That was his opportunity. He seized it. At the bar of European opinion he arraigned the Governments of Naples and the Papal States, but the culprit mainly responsible for the deplorable condition in those States was, he declared, " not a Bomba nor a Pio Nono, but the Habsburg Emperor who sustained them". So powerfully did he work upon the sympathies of Lord Clarendon, who, as Foreign Secretary, was representing Great Britain at the conference, that the latter, temperamentally the coolest and most restrained of statesmen, broke out in a " volcanic explosion "—the description is that of an American historian. The Papal Government, Clarendon declared to be " the worst in the world, the shame of Europe ".

Cavour was naturally delighted with Lord Clarendon's explosion. " No Italian statesman ", he declared next day, " could have drawn up an arraignment more powerful or more true ". But a visit to England, directly after the Conference, convinced him that, cordial as were the sentiments of the English Government towards the Italian movement, he could expect from them no more than moral support in a war against Austria. He preferred, therefore, or was constrained, to pin his faith to the ambition of the brilliant adventurer who, though described by Garibaldi as a " vulpine knave ", had, at bottom, a genuine sentiment for Italy.

" What can I do for Italy ? " The question put to Cavour by Napoleon III, in Paris, was answered in detail when, in July 1858, the two men met at Plombières. Terms were arranged ; Austria was to be expelled from the Peninsula, and Northern and Central Italy were to be united under the House of Savoy. In return, Savoy and Nice were to be ceded to France.

England, in her accustomed role of European pacificator, did everything in her power to avert the impending war. On February 4, 1859, Queen Victoria wrote a personal letter to Napoleon, couched in terms unusually direct, even for her. Lord Cowley was sent by Lord Malmesbury, then at the Foreign Office, on a mission of mediation to Vienna ; the Queen addressed a personal letter, in a similar sense, to the Emperor Francis Joseph. But Austria was less inclined, even than France or Sardinia, to listen to advice, and put herself " in the wrong " (as the Queen wrote to her Uncle Leopold) by demanding the immediate and unconditional disarmament of Sardinia.

Napoleon could now plead that he was merely helping a friend to resist aggression. But he remained an object of profound suspicion in England, nor was France by any means unanimous in support of his Italian policy.

For nine weeks, however, he was the hero of Italy ; he took the field with the Sardinians in May, 1859, and for a month the allies carried all before them. A brilliant victory at Magenta (June 4) was followed three weeks later by that of Solferino and San Martino. Then Napoleon, seemingly in the mid-career of victory, suddenly stopped and, without consulting his ally, concluded with the Emperor Francis Joseph the Armistice of Villa-

franca. Cavour was intensely chagrined. It was at this bitter moment that England, " setting one of the noblest examples of moral support recorded in modern times, ... came to the rescue of Italy ". That testimony comes from an American historian not uniformly friendly to England ; nor is it undeserved. The " moral " support of Great Britain proved at least as potent as the suddenly silenced guns of Napoleon III—though the value of those guns to Italy may easily be underrated.

Napoleon was desperately anxious to induce England to extricate him from the dilemma on which he had impaled himself. Palmerston categorically refused. " If the French Emperor is tired of his war and finds the job tougher than he expected, let him make what proposals he pleases, and to whomsoever he pleases ; but . . . let him not ask us to father his suggestions and make ourselves answerable for them ". To the Duc de Persigny he wrote (July 13), after learning the terms of the Armistice, that England would never be a party to the creation of an Italian Confederation in which Austria would, in virtue of Venetia, have a place. " For *L'Italie rendue à elle-même* we must now read ", he bitterly declared, " *L'Italie vendue à l'Autriche* ". England, so far from acquiescing in this betrayal, " might well deem it her duty to protest . . . in the face of Europe against such an enslavement of the Italian peoples ".

What Napoleon had, from the first, desired for Italy was independence, not unity. Unity must needs involve the absorption of the Papal States, and to that the French Empress and the French clericals were unalterably opposed.

For the moment, however, the keys of the situation were in the keeping of the States of Central Italy. Those States, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, ultimately declared by plebiscite for union with Piedmont, and Napoleon, in return for the cession of Savoy and Nice, was constrained to acquiesce.

Then came the turn of Southern Italy, Naples and Sicily. The rule of the Bourbons in the " Two Sicilies " was a public scandal. Garibaldi and his Thousand, by one of the most romantic exploits in modern history, put an end to that scandal in Sicily (1860).

But what about the continental part of the Bourbon Kingdom ? Napoleon was anxious to send the French fleet to prevent Garibaldi from crossing the Straits of Messina. But for England's

refusal to join France, the Garibaldians would have been confined to the island. Thanks to the English Fleet Garibaldi was enabled to cross to Calabria, and within a week was master of the Southern Kingdom, and was proclaimed Dictator in Naples itself. Once again England had, by timely intervention, rendered an incomparable service to the cause of Italian Unification.

North and South were united under Victor Emmanuel. Only Venetia and Rome remained outside the Italian Kingdom. Prussia's victory over Austria, in 1866, compelled the latter to surrender Venice to Napoleon who transferred it to Italy. The German attack on France in 1870 compelled France to withdraw from Rome the troops which had defended the last remnant of the Temporal Dominions of the Papacy. Italy entered Rome in 1870: her territorial unity was at last achieved.

During the next half century, Italy paid England the doubtful compliment of imitation. The Italian kings reigned as " Constitutional " sovereigns, under the forms of a " parliamentary democracy " of the English type. The experiment was a failure. Cavour was not there to conduct it : but even he could hardly have made a success of it. Representative Democracy demands a long apprenticeship and the Italians were entirely untrained in the difficult art.

The European position of United Italy was somewhat ambiguous. The cordial relations established with England in the early days of the *Risorgimento* were never interrupted, but in 1882 Italy, at Bismarck's invitation, took the place of Russia as the third partner in the Triple Alliance. Mainly with the object of alienating Italy from France, and attaching her to Germany, Bismarck had, in 1881, tossed Tunis to France. It was, for Germany, a masterstroke of policy, but the annexation of Tunis by her Mediterranean rival was bitterly resented in Italy.

Italy desired that Great Britain should also have been brought into the " Triple " Alliance. Austrian statesmen would have welcomed her adhesion with enthusiasm. Bismarck, better informed about the Parliamentary Constitution of England, and mistrustful of the continuity of her foreign policy, negatived the suggestion, but he assented to the Italian suggestion that " ministerial " declarations " should be exchanged between the contract-

ing parties " in order to emphasize the fact that the Treaty was not " in any case to be regarded as directed against England ". These declarations were, in fact, annexed to the Treaty.

What was to be Italy's attitude when the world war occurred ? Three courses were open to her : intervention on the side of the Central Empires with which, for thirty years, she had been in alliance ; neutrality ; or intervention on behalf of the Entente.

On August 3, 1914, Italy formally declared her neutrality. Germany made desperate efforts to prevent an actual rupture of the Triple Alliance, and to induce Austria-Hungary to make large concessions to Italy. The demands of Italy were such that Austria could hardly be expected to accede to them until she had been beaten to her knees. On her refusal (May 3, 1915), Italy notified the Ballplatz that she resumed from that moment liberty of action and declared " as cancelled and henceforth of no effect, her treaty with Austria-Hungary ". A week later she concluded with Great Britain, France and Russia, the Treaty of London, the terms of which remained secret until after the Bolshevik revolution in Russia.

The terms were high. Italy agreed to put all her strength into the war against the Central Empires. In return she was to obtain the Trentino, the Southern Tirol up to the Brenner Pass, Trieste, the Counties of Gorizia and Gradisca, the whole of Istria up to the Quarnero, including Volusce and the Istrian archipelago, the province of Dalmatia, together with most of the islands in the Adriatic, and she was to retain Valona and the Dodecanese. Italy also stipulated for a loan of £50,000,000 on easy terms, and that the Pope should have no say as to the final terms of peace.

It was not affection for France, for Russia, or even for England, that brought Italy into the War on the side of the Entente : it was to realize her ambition to obtain *Italia irredenta*, and to become mistress of the Adriatic. Despite the bitter and obdurate opposition of President Wilson that ambition was, thanks to the loyalty of France and Great Britain, substantially realized at the Peace Conference.

Yet Italy has ever since nursed a grievance against her Allies. To the Treaty of London the United States was not a party, and to that extent President Wilson's hands were free at Paris. But

Italy and the United States had fought side by side in the War, and that Italy should feel aggrieved at the attitude of the American President is not unnatural.

But what of France and England? The Treaty of London was not confined to *Italia irredenta*, and promises made therein to Italy were confirmed and extended by the Treaty of St. Jean de Maurienne concluded between Italy, France and Great Britain on April 17, 1917. Under the latter agreement a large slice of Asia Minor, including Smyrna, was definitely promised to Italy. Moreover, Article IX of the Treaty of London recognized that "Italy is interested in the maintenance of the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and that in the event of a total or partial partition of Turkey-in-Asia she (Italy) ought to obtain a just share of the Mediterranean region adjacent to the province of Adalia". This phrase was understood by Italy to indicate a zone of some 70,000 square miles. That this agreement was ultimately invalidated by the course of events was no fault of the Allies; but that Smyrna was assigned to Greece was a source of legitimate complaint on the part of Italy. Italians might indeed go further and describe it as a distinct breach of faith. That the acquisition of Smyrna brought nothing but disaster to Greece may have been some consolation to Italy, but is nothing to the point.

There remains the question that is most obviously pertinent to the problem confronting Europe to-day—that of colonial territories in Africa. Article 13 of the Treaty of London ran as follows:—

> In the event of France and Great Britain increasing their Colonial territories in Africa at the expense of Germany, these two Powers agree in principle that Italy may claim some equitable compensation, particularly as regards the settlement in her favour of the questions relative to the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya, and the neighbouring colonies belonging to France and Great Britain.

Can any fair-minded person maintain that that promise was fulfilled? What Great Britain, the Union of South Africa, and France obtained (under mandate), all the world knows. Italy obtained nothing until after some years of tiresome negotiations. But ultimately, on July 15, 1924, a convention was concluded between Great Britain and Italy, under which (in Signor Mussolini's own words) Italy "obtained in Jubaland 94,000 square

miles of territory and one of the greatest equatorial rivers ". Italian Somaliland (or Jubaland) is unquestionably a valuable possession. " It is hoped " writes an Anglo-Italian critic " that in time a considerable proportion of Italy's cotton requirements will be supplied by Italian Somaliland, and also a part of her requirements of tropical oleaginous plants. The colony is, of course, by no means so rich in these products as the many vast and wealthy colonies possessed by Great Britain, France and Belgium, but Italy is doing her utmost to put such possessions as she has to the best possible use ". (Villari : *The Expansion of Italy*.) The sting of this passage is in the tail. Italy, with a population not much less than that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland (43,000,000 as against 44,500,000), counts no more than 2½ millions of colonial subjects against about 450,000,000. The truth is, of course, that by the time a United Italy had come into being, the greater part of the surface of the globe had already passed into the possession of nations which, in respect of political development, were centuries ahead of her.

This is the cardinal truth which all friends of Italy, especially in Great Britain, ought to keep constantly in mind. It is less than seventy years since Italy achieved national unity. Believing (as did many other nations) that the amazing success of England was due to her parliamentary institutions, Italy copied those institutions as closely as she could. But the truth is gradually dawning upon mankind that constitutions are not exportable commodities. The success of any particular form of government is strictly conditioned by local circumstances. Because constitutional monarchy, or presidential democracy, or the referendum, works well in one country, it by no means follows that it will show equally successful results in another. Constitutional monarchy or parliamentary democracy (by whichever title we choose to distinguish our British Constitution) is a plant of tender growth and of prolonged cultivation. Like the college lawns in the well-worn Oxford story, centuries of mowing and rolling have gone to make it what it is.

A Dictatorship may well suit Italy in the twentieth century better than a parliamentary democracy, as it suited England in the sixteenth. If, indeed, we would be truly sympathetic with the Italy of to-day we should think ourselves back into the sixteenth

century, when, under the Tudors, we were ourselves just awakening to the possibilities of maritime adventure and colonial expansion. Drake was not hampered, in his repeated attempts to " singe the King of Spain's beard ", by any regard for the decrees of an international tribunal. The only international tribunal of that day was the Papacy, and its jurisdiction had been lately repudiated by England.

Allusion to pending issues between England and Italy has been carefully avoided in preceding paragraphs. The problem of Abyssinia is one for separate treatment. The main purpose that has inspired this article is to remind Englishmen of the ties of an old and valued friendship, and to enter a plea for an attempt to appreciate the position of our Italian friends at this crisis in their history.

But known as I am to many Italians as a life-long friend of Italy, I am, I trust, entitled to add one word more. It is this. I appeal to the Italians to turn a deaf ear to the mischief-makers who are doing their utmost to arouse in Italy suspicion against the motive and good faith of the British people and their government. The British people still retain a warm affection for Italy, but they are passionately attached to the cause of international peace, not merely (as the cynics hold) because they have already got all they want, but because they are on principle opposed to the devilish arbitrament of war. Of that sentiment, Italy, if she would retain our friendship, must take account. Should war unhappily break out between herself and Abyssinia, she must not disdain to prove, to the satisfaction of an impartial tribunal, that she had made every endeavour, short of a sacrifice of national honour, to avoid it, and will make every effort to localize it.

TOO MANY MATERNITY DEATHS

By Horace Thorogood

A SERIOUS blot on the health services of this country (by which is meant, throughout this article, England and Wales) is the high rate of maternal mortality and its tendency to rise. The deaths of mothers either in childbirth or from causes associated with childbirth were 5.94 per 1,000 living births in 1933 (the last year for which statistics are available) as compared with 4.83 per 1,000 in 1923. It was the highest rate for twenty-two years. The fact that the mortality rates under other principal headings included in the national health figures have nearly all declined during recent years makes the problem all the more interesting. The rate is much lower in Holland, where the statistical and classifying methods closely resemble our own, and thus offer a permissible comparison. The average rate for a recent period of five years was 2.98 per 1,000 living births, as against our own figure of 4.21.

There is evidently something seriously wrong with this part of our health service. All the responsible authorities acknowledge it. Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Parliamentary Secretary of Health, declared in the House of Commons that of the 2,618 mothers who died in 1933, half " should have been kept alive ", relying for that grave statement on the final report of the Departmental Committee on the subject, published in 1934, which attributes " at least one-half of the maternal deaths occurring in this country " to preventible causes. There was a tendency shown during the parliamentary debate last March to make of the situation a mystery which the facts do not seem to warrant. One obscure feature, however, may be granted. Medical science has not discovered the sources of puerperal infection. In squalid homes where all the circumstances would lead one to expect infection, successful births and recoveries are the rule rather than the exception. Nor has a reliable means of

combating the infection been found. An antiseptic sufficiently strong to nullify the infection would kill the patient, and no anti-toxin yet tried has proved effective.

But other so-called " mysterious " features appear capable of a reasonable explanation. There is, for example, the fact that many of the poorest areas of population, such as the slum districts of East London, return a substantially lower rate than areas mainly inhabited by the rich. On the surface, it seems very puzzling. Take this group of figures (averages for the period 1928 to 1933) from London, the richer boroughs being on the left and the poorer boroughs on the right. The average for the whole of London during the period was 3.5 per 1,000 births :

Kensington	4·1	St. Pancras	2.9
Fulham	4·1	Shoreditch	2·9
Westminster	6·1	Bethnal Green	2·8
St. Marylebone	5·2	Stepney	2·5
Hampstead	3·6	Poplar	2·6
Stoke Newington.. ..	5·8	Southwark	3·1
Wandsworth	4·2	Lambeth..	2·6

The same contrasts can be found in the provinces. Thus, the 1933 rate for Bournemouth was 6.03, for Bath, 5.19 ; for Lincoln, 14.59 ; and for Hastings, 6.75 ; whereas among the congested and " depressed " towns, Gateshead showed a rate of only 2.55 ; Blackburn, 2.60 ; Bootle, 4.05 ; Liverpool, 3.41 ; and Merthyr Tydvil, 3.63. There are, however, a number of factors which, taken in the sum, seem to account very naturally for the better record of the poorer districts.

By far the most satisfactory of the London figures given above come from the East End boroughs. They are all well below the average for the whole of London ; and on examination, the fact at once leaps to the eye that this area contains several of the most successful maternity hospitals and midwifery training institutions that we have. There is the famous Plaistow Maternity Hospital ; one finds Plaistow-trained district nurses all over the country. Its own record is 1.04 deaths per 1,000 over the past 24 years, and in West Ham, where lies the very poor district covered by the staff and its pupils, the rate for 1933 was only 1.8, which is among the lowest, if not the lowest, of any borough or town of equal size and population in the country. The British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich, also working in

an area that includes a large poor population, lost only 1.62 mothers per 1,000 during the past 13 years. The East End Maternity Hospital has equally good results. The London Hospital's maternity work covers a wide field with incomparable skill, and there are several other training centres of high repute. It should be added that the maternity services provided in London by the municipalities are more thorough than anywhere else in the country.

A large number of the mothers in the East End place themselves in the care of one or other of these institutions. The general procedure is as follows. A woman finding herself pregnant, goes to her centre and is entered on the books. She states whether she wants to have the confinement in her own home or in the hospital. She is told that she must attend regularly at the ante-natal clinic, about once a month, and she does it because she knows that if she does not she will be struck off the books. Thus when her time comes, the hospital knows all about her. At the actual labour, the student-midwife who attends her, if not yet sufficiently experienced to handle the case alone, is supervised by one who is. Should the case develop complications, it is transferred to the hospital and its specialist staff. After the birth of the child, the mother continues to be visited till she is well again.

This practice may be taken as common in the poor quarters of other large cities, and also in many " depressed " areas where the existence of great poverty has stimulated charitable and municipal effort.

Other factors, of course, contribute to the result. The slum mother is astonishingly hardy, being inured to conditions which are often appalling. Any East End midwife or doctor could tell of mothers who are delivered of healthy babies in homes where there is no bed ; newspapers are spread on the floor for the woman to lie on. Cleanliness, fresh air, and proper diet are out of the question. Many of these very poor mothers have no midwife, but rely on the " handy woman ",—a friendly neighbour who, for her small charge, does the housework as well, looking after the children and getting the husband's meals. Patient and handy woman often share the same bed.

The ante-natal care, given so meticulously to the poor by the

district midwife, is admitted by all authorities to be of prime importance in achieving safe maternity. In the words of the secretary of one of the most successful maternity hospitals, " If every expectant mother all over the country could be compelled to attend an efficient ante-natal clinic, then there would be little danger of losing any but the abnormal cases ".

This ideal, however, is very far from being realized. Most women of the well-to-do classes, of course, place themselves under the care of their doctors during pregnancy, submit to proper discipline, and have a trained nurse in attendance. But in the absence of the virtual compulsion which takes the poor woman to her clinic once a month—a welcome compulsion generally, be it said, for she enjoys the attention, likes being made to feel important—many others are careless. Social duties and the attractions of pleasure lead to unwise behaviour. The prospect of maternity is often unwelcome, if not terrifying, and efforts will be made to avoid it. Attempted abortion is an increasing cause of deaths, in all classes of society. Rich women can be operated on at fancy fees by procurers of abortion, and among the poor there are plenty of women who are willing, for five to ten guineas, to run the risk of prison for the same illicit service—a sinister industry guarded with such secrecy that very often the patient herself is not allowed to know the name of the person who is treating her. There is also the married woman friend who gives gratuitous advice that is liable to have disastrous results, as in the case of the woman of whom I heard recently who, at the suggestion of her charwoman, drank a mixture that contained gunpowder !

But even the most conscientious woman of the richer classes is apt to be at a disadvantage as compared with the poor woman. Here comes in another very important factor—the defects of the midwife system, which many consider to be at the root of the whole trouble. There is a glaring difference between the training and status of the midwife in England and in Holland. In England, the minimum period of training required in order to obtain the diploma of the Central Midwives Board is six months if the pupil has general nursing experience, or twelve months if not. In Holland it is three years, during which time the pupil will see about 1,800 cases. Clearly, the Dutch midwife enters upon

her career much better trained. In England, the great majority of women who undergo the training have no intention of practising midwifery: they do it because the diploma is a necessary qualification for the more coveted positions in the nursing world, such as that of the hospital matron. There are 50,000 trained midwives in the country, but only 15,000 are in practice as such. The existence of so large a demand for training has had the natural result of creating an excess of training centres of varying efficiency competing for the fees, and a block of non-serious students hindering the admission and hampering the training of the students who intend to make midwifery their profession.

In Holland, the number of midwives is regulated by the State in accordance with the needs of the community; there are only three training schools, and they are under Government control; and no student is admitted who does not intend to devote her life to the work. In Denmark, a State service of midwives has been in existence since 1714.

The attraction of the profession, it is easy to see, is much less in England than in those countries. In our rural parts the salaried district nurse-midwives who give excellent service to over 80 per cent. of the rural population hold fairly good positions; but in the urban districts and towns where the private midwives work (among people who will often squander £50 on a funeral and grudge 50s. on a birth) they seldom earn more than £50 to £80 a year. To this class the less efficient naturally gravitate.

The next factor in importance is the doctor. Here, again, the system reveals serious defects, of which the doctor himself is, as a rule, acutely aware. There are critics who would put the main blame for the high maternal mortality rate on him. They are unjust. It is well known, and significant, that some doctors have a record of consistent success in maternity, and others a record of consistent failure. But the system, not the individual doctors, is to blame, and although the effect of compelling an inquest on every case of maternal mortality, as some demand, might be to put a powerful pressure of public opinion behind a reform agitation, it would very likely lead to unfair censures of doctors by juries of laymen whose judgments on such matters are liable to be swayed by irrelevant emotions.

The maternity training of a medical student is admittedly meagre, though recently it has been slightly improved. It is supposed to include the personal treatment of a minimum of twenty cases, in the hospital and in the " district ". Twenty is not a large number, but sometimes a much smaller number is actually taken, the authorities turning a blind eye, for with midwife pupils competing for instruction at the same time, it is not always convenient to be strict. The medical student is not allowed to " put on " forceps, but must pick up his knowledge of that work from seeing his instructors do it. Consequently he starts his general practice with an insufficient experience of maternity work, unless his training happened to be spent in a prolific breeding area like the Dublin slums ; and if his practice is a " good class " one, his knowledge will be slow to extend because maternity cases will be but occasional incidents of his work, especially in these days of small families. The midwife, in normal cases, brings the baby " home " herself. Only in difficult cases does she call him in, and there one perceives a very plain reason for part of the mortality among the middle and upper classes. For his inexperience is called upon to cope with just those cases which require special skill and which, with a " district " patient, would be removed to hospital. Many a death is due to the fact that a young " G.P." was using instruments for the first time.

The suggestion of the Departmental Committee that in all cases of abnormality the midwife should be able to hand her patient over to a specialist would eliminate this risk, to the equal advantage of patients and general practitioners. It could not, at present, be done ; the whole maternity service, from top to bottom, would need reorganization first. But the unpleasant contrast which our figures make with those of Holland, where the suggested method has long been established, may force a move in that direction.

The defects that have been indicated hit the better-off classes more than the poor, who are to an ever-increasing extent taken in hand by legislation, charity or experiment.

Another affliction of the well-to-do expectant mother is her exposure to expensive and inefficient nursing-homes, of which there would seem to be quite a large number, in spite of the fact

that such places have to be registered and are subject to inspection. The exaction of exorbitant fees is, of course, easy, for a man will not as a rule haggle when his wife's safety at such a time is in question, though he may privately marvel at the audacity of the charges. If the services were on a par with the fees it would matter less, but negligent nurses, bad food, unauthorized drug-giving—and drug-taking—have been alleged too frequently, and by witnesses too reputable, to be ignored.

The conclusion to be drawn from the facts that have been set forth here would seem to be that the high maternal mortality rate in England and Wales is due to a lack, which is undisputed, of systematic co-ordination of the various services engaged, and of a central authoritative control over them. If we raised our standards of efficiency to the level of the Dutch, the maternal death-rate, instead of increasing, would diminish. But to do that, we should need to make midwifery an exclusive career, not to be mixed up with general nursing ; entered upon after a much longer course of training than is now given ; and salaried by the local authorities or the State. Under that system, a thoroughly efficient body of midwives would have entire charge of normal cases, being responsible for ante-natal and post-natal care as well. We should need to provide sufficient approved maternity hospitals, or approved nursing-homes (the latter under stricter control than they are now), staffed by specialists, so that abnormal cases could be removed there, thus relieving the over-burdened general practitioner of a responsibility he should not be expected to undertake.

These, as I say, are the conclusions to which a layman might reasonably come. They involve apparent threats to some professional interests, medical and commercial. Many general practitioners would object to having a lucrative maternity practice taken away from them. Many general nurses would resent a similar loss. Midwives might fear the effect of a thinning-out of their numbers. The nursing-home industry might become less easy and less profitable. And there is always the dread that prevails in the medical profession of any proposal which would carry with it an increase in official lay control.

But if the maternal mortality rate shows no sign of coming down . . . ?

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

By Frank O'Connor

OLD Dan Bride was breaking brosna for the fire when he heard a step up the path. He paused, a bundle of saplings on his knee.

Dan had looked after his mother while the spark of life was in her, and after her death no other woman had crossed the threshold. Signs on it, his house had that look. Almost everything in it he had made with his own hands in his own way. The seats of the chairs were only slices of log, rough and round and thick as the saw had left them, and with the rings still plainly visible through the grime and polish that coarse trouser bottoms had in the course of long years imparted. Into these Dan had rammed stout knotted ash boughs which served alike for legs and back. The deal table, bought in a shop, was an inheritance from his mother, and a great pride and joy to him, though it rocked forward and back whenever he touched it. Over the door hung a gun, old but good and in excellent condition, and before the fire was stretched an old setter who raised his head expectantly whenever Dan rose or even stirred.

He raised it now as the steps came nearer, and when Dan, leaving down the bundle of saplings, cleaned his hands thoughtfully on the seat of his trousers, he gave a loud bark, but this expressed no more than a desire to display his own watchfulness. He was half human and knew that people thought he was old and past his prime.

A man's shadow fell across the oblong of dusty light thrown over the half door before Dan looked round. "Are you alone, Dan?" asked an apologetic voice. "Oh, come in, come in, sergeant, come in and welcome", exclaimed the old man, hurrying on rather uncertain feet to the door, which the tall policeman opened and pushed in. He stood there, half in sunlight, half in shadow, and, seeing him so, you would have

realized how dark was the interior of Dan's house. One side of his red face was turned so as to catch the light, and behind it an ash tree raised its boughs of airy green against the sky. Green fields, broken here and there by clumps of red-brown rock, flowed downhill, and beyond them, stretched all across the horizon, was the sea, flooded and almost transparent with light. The sergeant's face was fat and fresh, the old man's face, emerging from the twilight of the kitchen, had the colour of wind and sun, while the features had been so shaped by the struggle with time and the elements that they might as easily have been found impressed upon the surface of a rock.

" Begor, Dan", said the sergeant, " 'tis younger you're getting, 'tis so ".

" Middling I am, sergeant, middling", agreed the old man in a voice which seemed to accept the remark as a compliment of which politeness would not allow him to take too much advantage. " No complaints."

" Faix, and 'tis as well. No wan but a born idiot would believe them. And th' ould dog don't look a day older."

The dog gave a low growl as though to show the sergeant that he would remember this unmannerly reference to his age, but indeed he growled every time he was mentioned, under the impression that people could have nothing but ill to say of him.

" And how's yourself, sergeant ? "

" Well, now, like that in the story, Dan, neither on the pig's back or at the horse's tail. We have our own little worries, but thanks be to God, we have our compensations."

" And the wife and care ? "

" Good, glory and praise be to God, good. They were away from me with a month, the lot of them, at the mother-in-law's place in Clare."

" Ah, do you tell me so ? "

" I had a fine, quiet time, let me tell you."

The old man looked about him, and then retired to the nearby bedroom from which he emerged a moment later with an old shirt. With this he solemnly wiped the seat and back of the log chair nearest the fire.

" Take your ease, now, take your ease. 'Tis tired you must be after the journey. How did you come ? "

" Teigue Leary it was that gave me a lift. Wisha now, Dan, don't you be putting yourself about. I won't be stopping. I promised them I'd be back inside an hour."

" What hurry is on you ? " asked the old man. " Look now, your foot was on the path when I rose from putting kindling on the fire to boil the kettle."

" Now ! Now ! You're not making tea for me."

" I am not then, but for myself, and very bad I'll take it if you won't join me."

" Dan, Dan, that I mightn't stir, but 'tisn't an hour since I had a cup at the barracks,"

" Ah, *Dhe*, whisht, now ! Whisht, will you ! I have something that'll put an appetite on you."

The old man swung the heavy kettle on to the chain over the open fire, and the dog sat up, shaking his ears with an expression of the deepest interest. The policeman unbuttoned his tunic, opened his belt, took a pipe and a package of tobacco from his breast pocket, and crossing his legs in an easy posture, began to cut the tobacco slowly and carefully with his pocket knife. The old man went to the dresser, and took down two handsomely decorated cups, the only cups he had, which, though chipped and handleless, were used only on very rare occasions : for himself he preferred tea from a basin. Happening to glance into them, he noticed that they bore the trace of disuse and had collected a substantial share of the fine white turf-dust which was constantly circulating within the little smoky cottage. Again he thought of the shirt, and, rolling up his sleeves with a stately gesture, he wiped them inside and out till they shone. Then he bent and opened the drawer of the dresser. Inside was a quart bottle of pale liquid, obviously untouched. He removed the cork and smelt the contents, pausing for a moment in the act as though to recollect where exactly he had noticed that particular odour before. Then, reassured, he rose and poured out with a liberal hand.

" Try that now, sergeant", he said.

The sergeant, concealing whatever qualms he might have felt at the thought of imbibing illegal whiskey, looked carefully into the cup, sniffed, and glanced up at old Dan.

" It looks good", he commented.

" It should be."

" It tastes good too ", he added.

" Ah, sha", said Dan, clearly not wishing to praise his own hospitality in his own house, " 'tis of no great excellence".

" You're a good judge, I'd say", said the sergeant without irony.

" Ever since things became what they are", said Dan, carefully guarding himself from a too direct reference to the peculiarities of the law administered by his guest, " liquor is not what it used to be".

" I have heard that remark made before now ", said the sergeant thoughtfully. " I have often heard it said by men of wide experience that liquor used to be better in the old days."

" Liquor", said the old man, " is a thing that takes time. There was never a good job done in a hurry ".

" 'Tis an art in itself ".

" Just so."

" And an art takes time ".

" And knowledge ", added Dan with emphasis. " Every art has its secrets, and the secrets of distilling are being lost the way the old songs were lost. When I was a boy there wasn't a man in the barony but had a hundred songs in his head, but with people running here, there and everywhere, the songs were lost, and in this parish today you couldn't gather a score. . . . Ever since things became what they are ", he repeated on the same guarded note, " there's so much running about that the secrets are lost".

" There must have been a power of them."

" There was. Ask any man today that makes liquor do he know how to make it of heather."

" And was it made of heather ? " asked the policeman.

" It was."

" Did you ever drink it yourself ? "

" I drank gallons of it. And a purer, sweeter, wholesomer drink never tickled a man's gullet. Babies they used to give it to, and growing children."

" Musha, Dan, I think sometimes 'twas a great mistake of the law to set its hand against it."

Dan shook his head. His eyes answered for him, but it was

not in nature that in his own house a man should criticize the occupation of his guest.

" Maybe so, maybe not", he said in a non-committal tone.

" But sure, what else have the poor people ? "

" Them that makes the laws have their own good reasons."

" All the same, Dan, all the same. 'Tis a hard law."

The sergeant would not be outdone in generosity. Politeness required him not to yield to the old man's gentle defence of his superiors.

" It is the secrets I would be sorry for", said Dan, summing up. " Men die, and men are born, and where one man drained another will plough, but a secret lost is lost forever."

" True", said the seargeant mournfully. " Lost forever."

Dan took the policeman's cup, rinsed it in a bucket of clear water beside the door and cleaned it anew with the aid of the shirt. Then he placed it carefully at the sergeant's elbow. From the dresser he took a great jug of milk and a blue bag containing sugar : this he followed up with a slab of country butter and—a sign that his visitor was not altogether unexpected —a round cake of home-made bread, fresh and uncut. The kettle sang and spat, and the dog, shaking his ears, barked at it angrily.

" Go 'way, you brute ! " growled Dan, kicking him out of his way.

He made the tea and filled the two cups. The sergeant cut himself a large slice of bread and buttered it thickly.

" It is just like medicines", said the old man, resuming his theme with the imperturbability of age. " Every secret there was is lost. And leave no one tell me a doctor is the measure of one that has secrets from old time."

" How could he ? " asked the sergeant with his mouth full.

" The proof of that was seen when there were doctors and wise people there together."

" It wasn't to the doctors the people went, I'll engage."

" It was not. And why ? " . . . With a sweeping gesture the old man took in the whole world outside his cabin. " Out there on the hillsides is the sure cure for every disease. Because it is written—he tapped the table with his thumb—it is written by the poets : ' Wherever you find the disease you will find

the cure beside it.' But people walk up the hills and down the hills and all they see is flowers. Flowers ! As if God Almighty had nothing better to do with his time than be making flowers ! "

" Things no doctor could cure the wise people cured."

" Ah, musha, 'tis I know it", said Dan bitterly, " 'tis I know it, not in my mind but in my four bones".

" Ah, do you tell me the rheumatics do be at you always ? "

" They do. . . . Ah, if you were living, Kitty O'Hara, or you, Nora Malley of the Glen, 'tisn't I would be dreading the mountain wind or the sea wind ; 'tisn't I'd be creeping down with me misfortunate red ticket for the blue and pink and yellow dribble-drabble of their ignorant dispensary ! "

" Why, then, indeed", said the sergeant with sudden determination, " I'll get you a bottle for that".

" Ah, there's no bottle ever made will cure me ! "

" There is, there is. Don't talk now till you try it. My own mother's brother, it cured him when he was that bad he wanted the carpenter to cut the two legs off him with a handsaw."

" I'd give fifty pounds to be rid of it", said Dan. " I would and five hundred ! "

The sergeant finished his tea in a gulp, blessed himself and struck a match which he then allowed to go out as he answered some question of the old man's. He did the same with a second and third, as though titillating his appetite with delay. At last he succeeded in getting it alight, and then the two men pulled round their chairs, placed their toes side by side in the ashes, and in deep puffs, lively bursts of conversation and long, long silences, enjoyed their pipes.

" I hope I'm not keeping you", said the sergeant, as though struck by the length of his visit.

" Erra, what keep ? "

" Tell me if I am. The last thing I'd like to do is waste a man's time."

" Och, I'd ask nothing better than to have you here all night."

" I like a little talk myself ", admitted the policeman.

And again they became lost in conversation. The light grew thick and coloured, and wheeling about the kitchen before it disappeared, became tinged with gold ; the kitchen itself

sank into a cool greyness with cold light upon the cups and the basin and plates upon the dresser. From the ash tree a thrush began to sing. The open hearth gathered brightness till its light was a warm, even splash of crimson in the twilight.

Twilight was also descending without when the sergeant rose to go. He fastened his belt and tunic and carefully brushed his clothes. Then he put on his cap, tilted a little to side and back.

" Well ", he said, " that was a great talk ".

" It's a pleasure", said Dan, " a real pleasure, that's what it is ".

" And I won't forget the bottle."

" Heavy handling from God to you ! "

" Good-bye now, Dan."

" Good-bye and good luck."

Dan did not offer to accompany the sergeant beyond the door. Then he sat down in his old place by the fire. He took out his pipe once more, blew through it thoughtfully, and just as he leaned forward for a twig to kindle it he heard steps returning to the house. It was the sergeant. He put his head in a little way over the half door.

" Oh, Dan ", he called softly, his eyes turned to the ground.

" Ay, sergeant", replied Dan, looking round, but with one hand still reaching for the twig. He could not see the sergeant's face, only hear his voice.

" I suppose you're not thinking of paying that little fine, Dan ? "

There was a brief silence. Dan pulled out the lighted twig, rose slowly and shambled towards the door, stuffing it down into the almost empty bowl of the pipe. He leaned over the half door while the sergeant with hands in the pockets of his trousers gazed rather in the direction of the laneway yet taking in a considerable portion of the sea-line.

" The way it is with me, sergeant", replied Dan unemotionally, " I am not ".

" I was thinking that, Dan. I was thinking you wouldn't."

There was a long silence during which the voice of the thrush grew shriller and merrier. The sunken sun lit up islands of purple cloud moored high above the wind.

" In a way", said the sergeant, " that was what brought me".

" I was just thinking so, sergeant."

" If 'twas only the money I'm sure there's many would be glad to oblige you."

" I know that, sergeant. No, 'tisn't the money so much as giving that fellow the satisfaction of paying. Because he angered me, sergeant."

The sergeant made no comment upon this, and another long silence ensued.

" They gave me the warrant", he said at last in a tone which dissociated him from all connection with the document.

" Ay, begod ! " said Dan, without interest.

" So whenever 'twould be convenient to you——."

" Well, now, you mention it", said Dan, by way of throwing out a suggestion for debate, " I could go with you now".

" Oh, tut, tut ! " protested the sergeant with a wave of his hand, dismissing the idea as the tone required.

" Or I could go tomorrow", added Dan, warming up to the issue.

" Just as you like now", replied the sergeant, scaling up his voice accordingly.

" But as a matter of fact", said the old man emphatically, " the day that would be most convenient to me would be Friday after dinner, seeing that I have some messages to do, and I wouldn't have me jaunt for nothing ".

" Friday will do grand", said the sergeant with relief that this delicate matter was now practically disposed of. " You could just walk in yourself and tell them I told you."

" I'd rather have yourself, if 'twould be no inconvenience, sergeant. As it is, I'd feel a bit shy."

" You needn't then. There's a man from my own parish there, a warder ; one Whelan. You could say you wanted him."

" I'd like that fine ", said Dan with satisfaction.

" Well, good-bye again now, Dan. I'll have to hurry."

" Wait now, wait, till I see you to the road ! "

Together the two men strolled slowly down the laneway while Dan explained how it was that he, a respectable old man, had had the grave misfortune to open the head of another old

man in such a way as to necessitate his being removed to hospital, and why it was that he could not give the old man in question the satisfaction of paying in cash for an injury brought about through the victim's own unmannerly method of argument.

On the following Friday he made ready his donkey and butt and set out. On his way he collected a number of neighbours who wished to bid him farewell. At the top of the hill he stopped to send them back. An old man, sitting by the road-side in the sunlight, hastily made his way within doors, and a moment later the door of his cottage was quietly closed.

Having shaken all his friends by the hand, Dan lashed the old donkey, shouted " hup, there ! " and set out alone along the road to prison.

CHINESE ART

By Basil Gray

(*Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum*)

AT the end of November there will open at Burlington House, the most important exhibition of Chinese art that has ever been held. There have been exhibitions within the last few years at Paris and Stockholm, at Berlin and Vienna, but they were either avowedly limited in scope or necessarily partly misrepresentational, especially on the side of painting. They have, moreover, been addressed mainly to the specialist, while next winter's exhibition, following in the tradition of the great national exhibitions of previous winters, will be intended for the general public, and the selection and arrangement of the exhibits aim at artistic rather than archæological representation. Its purpose will be to disclose as much as possible of the civilization of China. This is possible because the art of China is at the centre of her life : it is a formidable task because her civilization is comparable in richness with that of Europe rather than of France or Italy. But the exhibition could not have been attempted if the Chinese Government had not offered to send over a large selection of objects from the Imperial Chinese collection of the Peking palace. This will include about a hundred and seventy paintings and important ceramics and bronzes. Fine bronzes and sculpture, and more famous paintings are promised from America, and from this country the principal contribution will be the Eumorfopoulos collection before its absorption in the national museums. The study of Chinese art is very young in the west, scarcely more than a generation old, and it is an alien art. It will undoubtedly be hard for us to appreciate it with the same eagerness with which the other exhibitions have been greeted. But, more than any of the previous exhibitions, its appreciation should repay us. It will be an opportunity, not merely to enjoy a great many new works of art, but to realize

a whole and singularly complete civilization. When our own civilization is in question, we are the more likely to attempt to understand the worth of others.

Chinese civilization does not rank with the ancient civilizations of Sumeria and Egypt in antiquity; on the contrary, it takes its rise from a period about as remote as is the Hellenic age from us. This is its heroic age, when its area was quite small and its religion animistic. It differs from Europe in that neither invasion from without nor the appearance of new ideas within, have succeeded in breaking the course of its development. China has been several times conquered and constantly threatened from the north-west; she has absorbed all foreigners into her civilization. In about 400 A.D., an alien world religion, Buddhism, established itself, but the Chinese never lost confidence in themselves and the sufficiency of their culture. They have consequently been able to work out ideas thoroughly in a way that Europe has not, owing to its willingness to sacrifice everything to attain a new truth. It is not, in fact, in metaphysics or æsthetics that China has gone far; Chinese culture, though intellectual, through and through has always been practical. As Mr. Waley has put it in his recent brilliant essay on the thought of the third century B.C., which produced the Taoist classic, the *Tao Tê Ching*: "All Chinese philosophy is a study of how man can live together in harmony". So, too, her writers on art have always been concerned with the way in which objects should be represented—with advice to the painter rather than with analysis of the pleasure of the spectator. This springs from an idea of the inadequacy of the intellect to attain truth. Both the Taoist and the Buddhist despise the process of logical thought; and the Confucian ideal of the complete subservience of the individual to the State is equally opposed to metaphysical speculation. Chinese philosophy is therefore nearer to poetry than to science; its mode of apprehension is mystical, and the truth which it seeks to apprehend is not knowledge but reality. It is thus seeking the same end as the painter; there is no divergence of aim or of method to separate them.

Chinese art has, then, enjoyed for many centuries the close relation to life that medieval art had in Europe, coupled with an

intelligent criticism which only began for us in the nineteenth century. It is unique in its sustained life and it also reaches greatness in its particular achievements. It both enlarges our idea of the scope of art and our idea of the capacity of man. It is because of this double excellence that it is supremely worth studying.

To take the extension of human greatness first. The Han period (206 B.C.—220 A.D.) is China's first imperial age, when central government became effective, when Confucianism, with the idea of the State as an extension of the family, was established as State orthodoxy, and when the State first assumed full power. Such power is reflected in the reliefs which are the most striking products of the age. A number of these reliefs have been taken from the tombs of the period and are now in European and American museums and collections, but some of the best are still in China. Some of these will be seen at the London exhibition. They are in different techniques, some incised, some with the design left in intaglio against a hatched ground, others impressed on clay from a mould, but all are in low relief, and all are linear in character, and are evidently closely related to the large wall paintings of the period of which we can read, but of which none now remain. These reliefs, which represent battle and hunting scenes and court receptions, reflect a civilization which is materialistic because it is young, because it has not yet passed the stage of material order. The conception is intensely plastic, horses with thin legs as on Greek geometric vases, but vastly more powerful, men full of pride and authority, occasionally supernatural figures still more powerful—all are treated without the aid of any technical devices to give an effect of three dimensional form. The few Han sculptures in the round show this plastic feeling more completely realized, but they never seem to have done anything in this medium but guardian animals round the imperial tombs. From the same period we have some scanty remains of painting on hollow bricks, also from tombs of which the Eumorfopoulos examples will be publicly exhibited for the first time at Burlington House. They are on quite a small scale, hurried and unfinished in execution, but they convey a sense of speed and movement and of magic which seem unmatched elsewhere.

From the next age we have a supreme work of art in the painting by Ku K'ai Chih in the British Museum. This is a work of the fourth century A.D., when China was conscious of her ideal of political unity, but was actually divided into a number of separate States. Ku K'ai Chih's painting to illustrate a book of advice on court behaviour for ladies in waiting, presents a series of nine figure subjects delicately executed in a sophisticated style. Its aim is limited, but it is perfectly achieved. A contemporary of Ku K'ai Chih, Wang I, who is one of the earliest Chinese writers on the theory of painting speaks of painting, as a means of self-expression. Ku K'ai Chih himself lays great stress on the need for technical skill in order that the artist may be able to express the life of the figures he is painting. He was influenced by the Taoist ideal of conformity with nature in wishing to feel with the figures he painted. At no time have artists combined such singleness of aim with such purity of method.

In 618 starts the T'ang period which is the classic age of Chinese civilization. For three hundred years China was ruled by a great dynasty which carried her frontiers across Asia as far as Persia. The central phase of T'ang civilization is the eighth century which saw a galaxy of poets and painters at the T'ang capital. It is the great period of Buddhist art in China. Buddhism had been introduced into China before 400 ; in the T'ang period it reached its highest point. Though it was not the State religion it found, especially in its more mystical forms such as that developed by the Zen sect, ready response in the Chinese who were already in sympathy with its principal aim, the attainment of enlightenment by contemplation. The Buddhist art of the T'ang period expresses this mystical idea in the monumental forms natural to such a spacious age. If the sculpture has lost some of the plastic value of Han sculpture, it has gained in magnificence and impressiveness. Already in the sixth century at Lung-men there is the beginning of a great monumental figure art, but it is not till the T'ang period that the style is fully developed and has completely digested all Indian influence. Its aim is to produce a figure art expressive of sublimity, infinite wisdom and strength. Its method is monumental scale, coupled with a realistic treatment of form which together make such sculpture as Mrs. Rockefeller's torso of a Bodhisattva, which

it is hoped to obtain for the exhibition, or the later sculptures of Lung-men masterpieces of religious art. In painting it is traditionally by the great artist, Wu Tao-tzü, who lived in the first half of the eighth century that a style worthy of this great Buddhist period was formed. He is said to have painted as if a divine force was in his hand. No painting by Wu Tao-tzü exists today ; they were mostly wall paintings and were destroyed in a religious persecution of the ninth century. But his influence was great and permanent. We find it reflected not only in the wall paintings and banner paintings on silk found at Tun-Huang in Chinese Turkestan, but also in much later frescoes like the great Buddhist trinity presented to the British Museum by Mr. Eumorfopoulos in 1927. From the later paintings and from contemporary descriptions we can divine that Wu's figures were monumental in scale, largely executed with great sweeping brush strokes, rather realistic in effect, but conveying a sense of supernatural presence.

The third great age of Chinese art is the Sung period (960-1279), and its greatest achievement is its school of landscape painting. Here we might expect a field in which we in England might find ourselves on familiar ground. We have all enjoyed the work of the great English water-colour artists and are accustomed to regard landscape as the highest theme of poetic painting. If we turn with such thoughts in our mind to contemplate the work of the great Sung landscapists, we shall find them unsympathetic and monotonous in conception, though we may find things to admire in their execution. Before we can appreciate this school of painting we must understand the different attitude to nature which is expressed in it. Through the romantic school of English poetry we are familiar with a view of nature as worth studying for itself, as no mere background to human life, but as representing a permanent theme whose interest will outlast that of any of the doings of man. But to Wordsworth and to Turner, it is a single view, the moon through a cloud, the setting sun, which seems to reveal a beauty which is more sublime and more permanent than any work of man unless he can borrow something from it. The Chinese attitude is different. The approach is more intellectual and philosophical. As in metaphysics, what is sought is ultimate reality, not some aspect of nature, but some-

thing which discloses nature in a way that we have not hitherto grasped her. There is thus no personal element in the choice of a subject—the subjects for landscape become traditional and stereotyped—the personality of the painter could alone be expressed in the execution and his excellence will be measured by the truth of his conception and by his skill in setting it down without any obtrusion of irrelevant sentiment. The utmost economy of means is thus sought to express the purest thought.

We turn now to a subject very hard of approach for the European—to bronzes. All the great civilizations of the world have passed through a bronze age. In China this began during the second millenium B.C. in the Shang period. What is remarkable in the case of China is that the forms of the bronze vessels developed during this period, became stereotyped, and were repeated for many hundreds of years. Indeed if we count the crude imitations of the Sung period and later, they have never ceased to be made. The explanation is that the forms were developed for ritual use, and a great variety were used for making offerings of corn and wine to the ancestors. No doubt they were made in the shape of vessels of common use for cooking purposes, some of them evidently originally in clay or wood. As ritual objects they acquired great importance, and it was the practice for bronze vessels to be dedicated to the ancestors with an inscription recording the occasion of dedication, as a reminder to the ancestors and also as a record for the family. It is now a generation since these bronzes were recognized in Europe as great works of art. The attention of sinologues and archælogists has been directed very properly mainly to their classification and dating and the elucidation of their forms. But how is it that we know that the best of the bronzes are not mere examples of fine craftsmanship to be classed as objects of applied art? When we look at such examples as the famous double ram *tsun* from the Eumorfopoulos collection, to name but one out of the many fine pieces that will be shown in London this winter, we are aware of the weightiness and compactness of the form and of the satisfactory treatment of the material. But there is more than this. The real key, may we suggest, to these vessels lies in the way in which the animal forms have been embodied in them. The Chinese feared

to loose their corporate existence as members of a family if they failed in the sacrifices. It was through this connection alone that they had any real existence ; they would otherwise be nameless. Everything points to their anxiety to grasp at anything which could be a nucleus of reality in a floating world. As links with the ancestors, the bronze vessels were of supreme importance, every effort must be made to give them permanence. It was with this object that they gave to each member of the bronze the form of an animal or of some part of it, the trunk of an elephant, the head of a deer or a ram, and that they covered the surface with the stylised forms of animals, owls, or dragons. They sought to imprison in the bronze the essential form and elemental life of the animal so that it should be for ever endowed with its force.

As they were seeking to give life to the object they were making, and as its excellence, in their eyes, as in ours, must have depended on their success in this, there can be no reason for not calling such art creative. The same is true of the best jades, which possess similar ritual significance and on some of which similar patterns occur. For the most part, however, the jades, inlaid bronzes and mirrors are treated in a somewhat decorative way. Yet even here most of the patterns are animistic ; one of the most common is the thunder pattern or *lei-wen*. Other elements are ears of corn and constellations of stars.

Many of the jades are entirely undecorated and owe their high value in Chinese judgment to their form and colour, but above all to their feel. The sense of touch is not catered for in any European art ; for us the sensuous in art is purely a matter of the eye. Sensuous painting is unknown in China, perhaps because of the presence of jades, and also of pottery and porcelain, into the appreciation of which also touch enters. This is the branch of Chinese art which is best known and most truly appreciated in Europe. No doubt it will therefore be the most fully represented at Burlington House. But even here it will be possible to show some entirely new types which were only represented in the Imperial collection for which they were made. In this field appreciation is direct and requires no knowledge of Chinese civilization or philosophy. Form and colour and surface, and their relation to one another make up the sum of their appeal.

Is there any common quality in all Chinese art; anything which can be used as a key to its understanding? Having briefly surveyed the greatest and the most typical of her arts are we in a position to answer this question? We should do best to look for it where Chinese art is most removed from us, that is most purely Chinese. In seeking to find an explanation for the evident greatness of Chinese archaic bronzes we were led to put forward the view that the artist was trying to give them a life of their own. Chinese painting is most remote from us in the Literary Man's school; here the important thing is the sensibility of the brushwork. The paintings excel as objects in themselves, not in relation to anything outside. Both these forms of art are hard for us to understand because they are both entirely unhumanistic. But are we right in supposing that European art is at bottom wholly humanistic? If we come to study it closely, can we not see that there is another element, essentially alien, which has warred against humanism in Europe and appeared on the surface from time to time? There is something of this in Gothic art and in the barbarian art of the north. Now, again, where there is so strong a movement in modern art against humanist standards, and towards " abstraction " will it not be easier for us to understand Chinese art? It may turn out that Chinese art is in fact the great abstract art of the world, and next winter's exhibition at Burlington House may have an important, clarifying influence on the art of Europe.

THE CALM MOUNTAIN-VALLEYS

By Humbert Wolfe

In these calm mountain-valleys
where the snows
are benedictions anciently surmised
by one of those
who cried upon these lilies,
hugely emparadised,
" Behold ! at last the Lord
by his own light adored,"

I am alone with the weight of my loving.
I am come,
smaller than the shadow of that raven's wing,
not stricken dumb,
but with astonished lips scarce moving,
remembering
how in my heart she speaks
unquestioned as those peaks.

There are a place and time in the heart of lovers,
where the snows
melt not, being above the line of dust.
The eagle knows
as he poises, stoops and recovers
the perfect trust
in the power to ascend
in quiet, world without end.

We are alone in that place and together.
Each must find it
unhelped, and, having found it, stops,
and as the world behind it
downwards like a falling feather
quivers and drops,
knows by exceeding grace
the loved one face to face.

In the mountain air, candle-clean,
fear and doubt
and earthly wonder and the fever
are out,
and in their place not by the senses seen,
but changing never
behold! adoring and adored
with his own splendour love the lord.

HUMBERT WOLFE

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

THE question of Abyssinia, or rather of Italy in relation to Abyssinia, is now the most important before Europe, and more especially before Great Britain. The essential purpose for Great Britain is, we may assume, to prevent war ;

Solidarity with France

and the first means is to ensure absolute solidarity with France. These are the only two powers whose territory adjoins the seat of danger ; and both have in essentials a common policy. What is more important, they and they only have effective means to avoid disaster. Both can help to a settlement which would leave both Italy and Abyssinia better off than they were when this trouble rose. What Abyssinia can gain is perhaps no more than an assurance of protection, which will have been established by force. Yet this is no small gain for the only native African power that is still independent. For Italy, the issue cannot be discussed solely in terms of the local dispute. She is entitled to go back to 1881 and urge that when Africa was mapped out by the European powers in Conference, Abyssinia was marked out as her sphere of influence. To-day, under the influence of new conceptions, Europe seeks to deny Italy the right (if it was a right) of annexation which other European powers used elsewhere. But it is worth remembering that, for the peace of Europe, Bismarck, after his triumph in 1871, thought it well to encourage French enterprise in Africa. One result has been that France to-day holds a great deal more of Africa than she needs. Another result is that England, stimulated chiefly by the impulse of French activity, acquired even more. It is true that Bismarck was magnanimously giving away what Germany did not own ; whereas now the question is whether the "Haves" should not

make concession to the " Have-nots "—among whom Italy is certainly to be counted. Even more obviously, Germany has claims that should be met ; and it seems at least possible that a way to peace in Europe may be found through a redistribution of European holdings in Africa—in which both France and England must make sacrifices.

A move in this direction was made, we are told, by Mr. Eden at Rome ; and presumably Mr. Eden was empowered to make the suggestion. The result has not been encouraging so far. Abyssinia is served by one railway, built at the cost of French money ; and French control of it gives France a say in the military munitioning of Abyssinia. But really, as a part of French concessions to Italy's sense of grievance, a half share in this concern was conceded to Italy. What Mr. Eden proposed was to give Abyssinia a port in British territory to which another railway could be built, under Abyssinian control. This line, if it existed, would, of course, break the monopoly of rail service. On that account the proposal was not likely to please either France or Italy. Apart from this, it is not clear who would build the line—a difficult undertaking ; nor is there any evidence of need for a second line since the imports and exports are both small. In short, the offer was one by which Abyssinia could probably not profit, and which, if accepted by her, would inflict loss on both French and Italian interests. Moreover, the mere proposal that the British Government should give up anything —even something that it did not want—immediately provoked clamour in England. One may judge what the outcry would be if England or France agreed to give up something that England or France definitely did not want to part with. If party cries and party advantage have to be considered, the problem is far too difficult to tackle.

" Haves " and " Have-Nots "

Yet, looking at the facts, does anyone suppose that there can be peace if the " Haves " make no concessions ? How can they stop the " Have-nots " from accumulating power to take ? No way, except by the race of armaments ; and that way, as we all know, madness lies. Yet in domestic policy the " haves " long ago learnt that wealth must submit to see great slices taken off it for the public

good and public peace. It is not believable that Italy would not, for some moderate consideration, desist from an enterprise which, if she undertakes it, will strain her energies and resources during at least three years ; for geography and climate make the occupation of Abyssinia a formidable task, which the seasons will interrupt. The Abyssinians are not marksmen as the Boers were, but they are greatly more numerous, and a guerrilla war there would last long, owing to the nature of the ground. Now, during those three years, Italy, if engaged in Abyssinia, will be negligible in Europe. Is Italy prepared to be negligible during the next three or four years ?

France can, it is clear, offer to Italy what is worth much more than could be gained by the most successful Abyssinian campaign. England has nothing seriously available for that purpose. But England holds the German mandated territories. There is not only Italy to be dealt with.

All the " Haves " can, it is true, continue to sit on all the safety valves. In Europe, the most experienced statesmen say that no frontier can be changed without the certainty of war. Is that to apply also in Africa ? If not, it may be that in a conference for the redistribution of European holdings in Africa a new direction may be given to European discontents, and one in which satisfaction may be attained—though certainly not without sacrifices.

The Alternatives

It is worth while to consider the alternatives. There is first a surrender, letting Abyssinia's plea go unheard and unanswered. Italy would presumably in that case go out of the League, leaving that body in ignominious discredit. Possibly, the League might then review its membership and get rid of those for whom it was not prepared to take risks. It would become thus an organization gradually built up for co-operative defence ; since it could serve no other purpose. As no state would be admitted which could not make some serious contribution to the common need, it would be a League in reality—an alliance—and would necessarily be planned for war. This would at least be better than a society which promises protection and cannot give it. But alliances are apt to produce counter-alliances.

Then there is the alternative of using economic sanctions against Italy. If they are tried and fail, at least we should have gained experience. But if they fail, what then? War? That seems unthinkable. And the continuance of "economic sanctions" would add to the already shocking disorganization of trade.

On the other hand, there is the picture to be considered of what results if the League stops this war, either before or after its outbreak. Those principles which according to Mr. Baldwin are "the sheet anchor of British policy" will add incalculably to its authority. If Italy finds it to her interest and her honour to yield to the judgment of the League, isolation will seem even less satisfying and less promising to Germany than it does at present. There is a great victory to be won, which should lead to a lessening of the growing waste on armament. But no man and no nation can win victory without risks, or without sacrifice, and without a clear judgment of what must be discarded for a greater gain.

The Council of Action

Frankly, it comes to an issue of war or peace. What is ultimately involved in this Abyssinian dispute is even more urgent than that other question of unemployment for which Mr. Lloyd George demands a "Council of Action" outside party barriers. Captain Harold Macmillan, an able Member of Parliament, somewhat detached in attitude, adds very wisely that it should also be a Council of Consultation, and indicates that he does not think Mr. Lloyd George's presentment of the case quite fair. That is not surprising. The surprising thing would be if Mr. Lloyd George were judicially fair to any government of which he was not a member. He himself has been judged with less fairness and less leniency than any statesman of the fifty years that I can recall; and though he may be a Christian he is not a meek one. What matters, however, is that Mr. Lloyd George has vision combined with dæmonic energy; and he sees with more intensity than others the evil of this chronic mass of people, of whom perhaps half a million are not merely unemployed, but cannot in the ordinary course of industry hope for employment. He sees also the possibilities which lie in vast sums seeking

investment and not finding easy outlet. The real urgent motive with him is the desire to get things done ; but being what he is, if it comes to doing, he will have more confidence in his own ability to direct and stimulate than in any other man's. He will therefore be a formidable candidate for power, and as such is inevitably held at arm's length—or rather at a forty-foot pole's length—by other politicians. Yet if party action has to be suspended, and there is to be general recruitment of ability, such a man cannot be set aside. When Sir Basil Blackett, one of the financiers most distinguished for public service during the war, appears in support of his movement, we are bound to believe that Mr. Lloyd George's call for action taking the form of very large expenditure seems urgent enough to outweigh the knowledge which such a man must have of Mr. Lloyd George's recklessness in outlay. It does not mean distrust in Mr. Baldwin. It means that, in Sir Basil Blackett's judgment, Mr. Baldwin's shrewdness and breadth of vision need to be allied with an element that will bring more speed.

Will Ireland go Out?

A new development has taken place in the obscure and unpleasant Irish situation. Since a decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council held that the Irish Free State was legally entitled to abrogate the Treaty of 1921 in one material detail, it appeared to follow that the observance of the Treaty was now a matter of good faith, not of statutory obligation. Mr. de Valera and his followers argue that, because the Treaty was accepted under threat of war as the alternative, there is no moral need to observe it. Mr. Cosgrave's attitude is that since England has acted up to the spirit and letter of the Treaty, Ireland should do the same ; and, further, that Ireland's interests are best served by remaining within the Commonwealth. Mr. de Valera, however, has recently declared that it is his purpose, at the appropriate moment, to give Ireland the chance to rid herself of even nominal allegiance to " a foreign King ". No phrase could have been better chosen to infuriate Protestant Ulster or, I should think, to alienate sympathy in those other States which worked along with Ireland to enlarge the definition of freedom for the Dominions. But now Mr. Thomas, apparently speaking on behalf of the new adminis-

tration, declares that " the Government will take any step it can to prevent Southern Ireland going out of the Commonwealth ". This utterance has disquieted those who desire to see pressure of opinion from the other Dominions continually exerted on Ireland. If it is prepared to restrain Ireland by force from rescinding the Treaty, how will that affect Canada, for instance ? It is well that Mr. Thomas should speak plainly, but not well that he should seem to threaten what he will not perform. If the Irish Free State chooses to go out, it will certainly perpetuate partition, and Mr. Thomas has every right to say that Great Britain will maintain Ulster's position so long as Ulster desires. He can fairly outline the consequences of secession to Ireland ; the denial of professional openings in Great Britain to her educated young men and women, and the limitation of chances of employment to her manual labour. These would follow inevitably unless Great Britain chose to make a special status for citizens of the Irish Republic—which is what Mr. de Valera seems to expect. The Dominions at large would certainly welcome any argument that would maintain the Commonwealth at its full strength. But to suggest that Ireland may be restrained by force from using a right that she possesses because she is a Dominion is a threat to solidarity in the Commonwealth.

Yeats's Poetry and Work

In the last number of this Review, Mr. Ernest Rhys wrote recollections of Mr. Yeats going back almost as far as my own. Yet I think the celebration of this poet's seventieth birthday in Dublin on June 27th justifies further comment. It was not simply an Irish celebration : the dinner was given by the Irish branch of an international society, the P.E.N. club, and Mr. Masefield, poet laureate of Great Britain, went over to pay homage to "the greatest living poet, who has made in our time not only in literature, but in the thoughts of a nation, an achievement that no other poet of our time can approach ". Those who were present—as it was not my good fortune to be—noted that in his reply Mr. Yeats chose to dwell on the public side of his work, the work that he had helped others to do. This concerns not the past but the present and the future. " When I began my organizing

work", he said, " it must be forty years ago, Irish literature was despised ". That is perfectly true. Even thirty years back, every publisher looked askance at any book that had to do with Ireland, just because it was about Ireland, whereas at that time—thanks no doubt to Stevenson and Barrie—any book about Scotland had the odds in its favour because it was Scotch. There were exceptions, of course, to the neglect of Irish work ; the two cousins who, in their stories of the " Irish R.M." made something in the Lever tradition incomparably better than Lever ever did, delighted the world. Again, Moira O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* were that very rare thing, really good poetry which appealed to everyone. But she, like Violet Martin and Edith Somerville, stood outside the movement which Yeats inspired and helped to " organize ". His word is right ; there was organization ; and an essential person in the work was old Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who, in the 'forties, as editor of *The Nation*, had been the chief creator of an earlier literary movement which provided " Young Ireland " with a repertory of moving rhetorical verse. Through him, and through the old Fenian John O'Leary, Yeats was able to make contact with Catholic Nationalist Ireland, into which he was not born. But the association did not last long, and could not. The strength of Yeats has always been that on matters of art he would never depart from his standards by a hair's breadth. Much of the " Young Ireland " literature in verse which had come to rank almost as Scriptures of the Irish people, was rhetoric, and Yeats did not spare to say so. The result was a break in sympathy with the general mass of the country for which it was his purpose to write. In so far as his public was to be Irish, he had to begin by alienating it.

Ireland knew first that Yeats was an honour to Ireland by learning this from English judges of literature. Meanwhile, among the few his influence spread, powerfully helped by alliance with another who made no appeal to the crowd—the late George Russell, " A. E." But while Yeats was, and is, a natural solitary, Russell's has always been a naturally communicative mind. Propaganda among the few spread faster through him. Yet, as it chanced,

"A. E."

Russell was (I believe on the suggestion of Yeats) annexed by Horace Plunkett for another propaganda, that of co-operation ; and here came a new clash with orthodox nationalism. Nothing can be more conservative than a long established tradition of revolt, and these two men, in their effort to give Ireland a richer culture in its intellectual and its material life, found themselves regarded as agents of disunion, seeking to distract the nationalist energies.

Meantime, young poets came along in shoals, echoing sometimes A. E.'s mysticism, sometimes the symbolism mixed up with Gaelic legend which was then characteristic of Yeats ; and snatches of their verse have found lasting place in the anthologies. They had learnt from him what Mr. F. R. Higgins, one of a quite different and more original school, calls " a fastidious craftsmanship ". Yet nothing of his work so far was reaching the many, and nothing reached them till he and his associates bethought them of the theatre. That seemed to me, for instance, a forlorn hope ; I could not imagine a man less likely than Yeats to write plays that would " get across "—unless indeed that man was "A. E.". And in fact neither of the two has ever written a play which gained much by being played instead of read—with one notable exception. In *Cathleen ni Houlihan* Yeats gave to the literature of revolt, a voice more poignant and dangerous than it had ever received. Thinking over my feelings when I first saw it in Dublin, they find their best expression in a line of Yeats's own, " A terrible beauty is born ". But in that case, and that case only, his work had the dramatic aid of the woman who had been its true inspiration. Maud Gonne, disguising in the likeness of an old withered hag her imperial beauty, was able to put into the strange half-mad chant of her voice a compelling magic ; and for one moment before she left the stage, she straightened up her figure, so that the boy's answer came naturally, " Did you meet an old woman and you coming up the path ? " " No, but I met a young woman and she had the walk of a queen ".

The Irish Theatre

Within two or three years, Yeats had opened the amazing reservoir of talent for acting that Ireland held. W. G. Fay and his brother Frank were, I think, the true beginners of that Irish school of acting whose fame has gone out literally into the ends of the world ; a school which for the past thirty years has been continually

losing its best actors, attracted elsewhere by higher rewards, and continually been replacing them by others just as good. But the formation of that school was carried out under the direction of Yeats, a direction which stamped out rhetoric and insisted on vital energy. He taught them to speak verse beautifully, yet none of their successes have been with plays in verse. It was in their speaking of prose that the quality so acquired came through.

Then he found Synge, and found Lady Gregory, and there began to be plays. Talent gathered, but Yeats was the rallying point. Again, the authoritative recognition of talent had to be given in London before Dublin would listen ; but this time it was recognition, not of an isolated writer, but of a group and a movement. James Stephens, who, so far as I can judge, owed nothing of inspiration to either Yeats or A. E., and who came forward only after the prestige of the literary theatre was well established, found a hearing far more easily than he could have found it ten years earlier ; and, in return, the prestige which he acquired was added to the prestige of Ireland in literature—before the war. Since the war, O'Casey owed to the Abbey Theatre the production of his remarkable work ; he owed also to that school what he learnt by attending its performances.

At present the young writers in Dublin are busy discussing whether the Abbey Theatre is dead or alive. The real question is whether a poet at seventy can continue to direct and inspire. Yeats lost his right hand when he lost Lady Gregory. It is possible that the work which he launched forty years ago will go on better if he desists from his work as organizer and confines himself to that of the solitary artist. But about one thing there is agreement : his talent has grown like a tree, and its beauty in autumn is not less, nor less vital, than in spring and summer. In fact, the younger men show a preference for the work of his later years, after the shock of the Irish revolution, coming when he was fifty, had moved him to the depths. Since then, his nature has been in oscillation under it, alternately attracted and repelled. But he has shown no repugnance to the new forms of literary expression ; on the contrary, in his speech the other night, recognizing that " the first movement was romantic and poetical ", he admitted that a swing towards realism was necessary ; and

that there must be " very vigorous realistic novelists ". What with Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Frank O'Connor, Mr. O'Faoláin and Mr. Stuart, Ireland is certainly providing them. All these men are under debt to the movement which had its centre in Yeats, and they know it ; though in their growth they have set up new collisions with orthodoxies. But the most potent of all the forces for insurrection, moral and intellectual, which are to be associated with Ireland is James Joyce, and he has no connection that I can see with Yeats and his movement. All the work of that movement might have been written by men who were not Catholics, and in fact most of them were not. But *Ulysses* could only come from a mind reared in Catholicism, and profoundly and passionately affected by it. Everywhere else, the result of Yeats's personality has been to generate an Irish literature detached from all preoccupation with the religion of the country. Joyce's influence, wherever it appears, is a new revolt—the revolt of a Catholic against Catholic religion.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

REVIEWING CRIME BOOKS

By "TORQUEMADA"

FOR the first twenty-four of the last twenty-five years I read crime stories avidly, almost wolfishly; for the last twelve months I have read them with more caution in order to write reviews on them, and have found myself, rather to my surprise, developing and striking certain critical attitudes.

The pre-war indiscrimination—when one said Ha, ha, among the corpses and rejoiced in any garments as long as they were rolled in blood—was a useful quality, for in those days one had to wait months between, say, a *Trent's Last Case* and an *At the Villa Rose*, an *Eye of Osiris* and a *Vicky Van*.

To-day's discrimination is just as useful, and, in fact, quite necessary; for more excellent crime books—excellent, that is, by pre-war standards—are being written and brought out every week, in publishing season and out of publishing season, than any one man could read or sufficiently appreciate in the time.

Not so long ago there was often a touch of jesting condescension in the review of a crime story in a serious paper; but now the cataract of such tales, their variety of kinds and their grades of technical merit, have created a real and rather heavy critical responsibility. Indeed, the critic who deals with all those novels vaguely classed as "thrillers" has already become a split personality, and I think that very soon he will have to be, in fact, two persons.

An editor will have to find someone with nerves of steel and, in the best sense of the word, long-winded, to deal with all those books jacketed as breathless—secret service, car and 'plane pursuit, gangster idyll, and the like. And he will have to find quite another type of reviewer, one who can sit back and give leisured analytical attention to the detective story proper, to crime in its pure and complicated form.

It is as if two streams had suddenly grown in volume, and yet still ran side by side. Or perhaps it would be better to say that two families, the Teasers and the Terrors, have swiftly increased in number, and yet remained in the same locality; for there has been a good deal of intermarriage lately, and the reviewer has to be ready to distinguish the results of this at sight—Teasers with a strain of Terror, Terrors with a strain of Teaser, the Teaser-Terrors and the Terror-Teasers, the short-Teasers and

the short-Terrors, and many more beside. Happily he is concerned only with the fact of this abnormal prolificacy, and not with the reasons for it, whatever those may be.

The reviewer who frequents race trains will probably think of the art of the Teaser as the art of the three-card trickster, though very few authors have the skill to use quite such a stark apparatus. Obviously the successfully baffling five-card trick deserves much more praise than the equally successful twenty-five card trick. The horticultural reviewer may think of this major dexterity as a leading up or about the garden (Agatha Christie's peculiar gift) and will recognize that the less the cover, the fewer the gooseberry bushes, or the thinner the walls of the maze, the more credit is due to the successful conductor.

In whatever terms we think of this essential sleight, the ability to conceal by revealing, we have to judge the writer mainly by his failure or success in it. And therefore I think we should be specially grateful to two American authors, otherwise with little in common, who take particular steps to help us to estimate how we have fared in our battle of wits against them. Mr. Ellery Queen always pauses as soon as he has sown all his clues, and issues a challenge in set form to the reader. I have always accepted it and sometimes been worsted; at least, as a reviewer I knew where I was after, of course, I had tested the fairness of the challenge. Mr. Daly King, the psychologist, is even more helpful. At the end of his tales of the "Obelists" he gives a list page by page of all his clues and explains, with tolerant patience, what we ought to have deduced from them.

When we have to deal with Teaser writers who have not been so obliging, we will do well to ask help from the father of the modern branch of the family. Poe wrote a hundred years ago: "As the strong man exults in his physical abilities, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*". If the author has taxed the mental thews to their uttermost, taxed them fairly, and let them win in the end, he has done well; if he has fairly taxed them to the uttermost and proved too strong, he has done excellently. The rest is only a matter of "real" reviewing, an estimation of credibility, characterization, style, ingratiation, and the rest.

In considering the Short-Teasers we cannot demand much leading by the nose; if we get a sharp tug one way and a sharp tug back, we have to award full marks on the technical side. After that we may go on to determine how far the author has overcome the psychological difficulty pointed out by Mr. Chesterton, godfather of the most vivid branch of this family. "It is difficult", he says, "to have a shock of bereavement on being introduced to the corpse of a total stranger, and the narrative is so brief that even the living characters may be left in the end looking rather like conventional corpses". If the author has performed a sort of inverted miracle and brought the dead body to life at the beginning of the tale, he deserves all the praise we can give him. Mr. Chesterton himself has succeeded many times; which of us, for instance, does not feel that he has long known, hated, and pitied Sir Aaron Armstrong, the whisky-sustained temperance fanatic, though we only in fact hear of him after his servant, dressed all in black "even to the dreadful detail of black gloves",

has stopped our train to report his master's murder.

In dealing with the Terrors and their near kin, the reviewer is more dependent on his own reactions. If he has finished the book, some marks are due to the author; but if, when he has finished it, his pulse as temperately beats as Queen Gertrude's we should not allot too many.

He will soon find the pet abominations which he wishes to rebuke; I have only space to mention two of mine. One is the hero and/or heroine whose career from first page to last is a series of most unangelic dashings into lions' mouths. This character is common these days and, to me, tedious; unless, of course, he resembles Mr. Hume's Nick Cardby, a clear-sighted young man with a head like Chaucer's miller, who knows all the time that he will break the lion's teeth. Also I very much dislike, and hope other reviewers will dislike, a trick much used at present to excuse bad story telling, the use of such phrases as: "The writer of fiction would never dare to introduce such a coincidence" or "She felt that her life was becoming sheer Oppenheim". This is to make a virtue of fouling the nest.

Finally, I think that the reviewer will soon realize that many thrillers a little poison the mind, and will discover his own way of throwing off the virus. I find Mallarmé the antidote—or should it be the purge? —which suits me best.

BATSFORD'S 'BRITISH HERITAGE' SERIES

NEW VOLUME JUST PUBLISHED

The HEART of ENGLAND

By IVOR BROWN

With a Foreword by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Containing 128 pages of Text and 128 superb Photographic Illustrations. With a Colour Frontispiece. *Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d. net (postage 6d.)*

Here is a vital and absorbing book that cannot fail to make an appeal to anyone interested in the survival of tradition and the progress of ideas, and presents, we believe, as true a picture as has yet been painted of the England of today, in its weakness and its strength, its beauty and its squalor—the changing face and the unchanging heart. Like the other volumes in its series it is amply illustrated by well-chosen photographs, which range from the industrial inferno of Sheffield to the calm of the South Downs, from a 'Wakes-week' in Blackpool to a ducal shooting-party on the Yorkshire moors.

'Mr. Brown has one of the liveliest and best-informed minds now to be met in print, and here you see it at work on a rich subject.'

COMPANION VOLUMES

Each containing 128 pages of Text and 130 superb Photographic Illustrations. Price 7s. 6d. net (postage 6d.).

The Spirit of London
The Parish Churches of England
The Cathedrals of England
English Villages and Hamlets
The Countryman's England
The Old Inns of England
The Face of Scotland
The Heart of Scotland

On sale at all good Bookshops everywhere, or from the Publishers:

B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., 15 North Audley St., London

MY SEVEN SELVES, by Hamilton Fyfe. *Allen & Unwin.*

As no one will suspect Mr. Hamilton Fyfe of straying into the realms of psychology, the autobiographical purpose which lies behind his title will be readily guessed. The division into seven stages of his newspaper life may be somewhat arbitrary, but that is of no great moment. What matters is the intrinsic quality of his narrative, and needless to say, the skilful and experienced journalist is always master of his material. To the interest inherent in all autobiography is added the fact that his profession thrust him constantly into contact with great and exciting events, of which he can write to a certain extent as one behind the scenes. His dispatch from France at the beginning of the war, which was indignantly denounced by Mr. Asquith in Parliament, is an instance which everyone knows. Until a recent correspondence appeared in the press Mr. Fyfe kept silence and refused to defend himself, but certainly the evidence which he now produces leaves the impression that he was scurvily treated by the politicians on this occasion. He was accused of hysteria, exaggeration, but this effect he attributes to the Press Censor, Mr. F. E. Smith, who undoubtedly deliberately sub-edited his dispatch to awaken the nation to the disaster that had befallen the Expeditionary Force. He seems to complain that afterwards he was hunted out of France by the military authorities, but what Mr. Fyfe overlooks is that the roaming war correspondent of the type of Forbes or Russell is an anachronism in modern war.

Throughout all these years he was fortunate in being the favourite of Lord Northcliffe, who completely trusted him and liked his envoys in foreign countries to be treated as persons of consequence. "Don't you know, my dear Fyfe," he once wrote to his too modest representative on the Riviera, "that all correspondents of the *Daily Mail* are supposed to travel with two valets?" These were the days of success and satisfaction, but Mr. Fyfe has a tale of disillusionment and disappointment to tell when he left Carmelite House. He had then, as he says, become a "reformer," and one of his appointments was that of editor of the Labour paper, where he learned by painful experience how incompetent an unimaginative Labour Party is for the highly technical job of managing a newspaper.

Little idea has been given of the variety of Mr. Fyfe's story and career, and an incident may be added from his early years when he was editor's secretary at *The Times*. Two callers came one day when the possibility was being discussed of allowing M.P.s who succeed to peerages the choice of sitting in either House. They were George N. Curzon and St. John Brodrick. Curzon, surprisingly, was diffident, at a loss for words; the other was eager, combative. Their mission was apparently a failure, but Mr. Fyfe is probably correct in saying that if their movement had succeeded, and if Curzon had remained in the Commons, he would have become Prime Minister in 1923 and the ambition of his life would not have been disappointed.

H. R. WESTWOOD.

BOOKS—BOOKS
On all subjects of interest; the publications of the Modern Fine Presses; Fiction; Children's Books and works in French and Italian.
TRUSLOVE & HANSON
14a, Clifford St., Bond St., London, W.1
Heraldic and Court Stationery of all kinds, Bookplates, Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, Engraving of Dies for Illuminating and Stamping, etc.
Lists of Books and Samples of Stationery free on request.
STATIONERY

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

By H. E. Bates

SCOTTISH COUNTRY, edited by G. Scott Moncrieff. *Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ENGLISH EARTH, by Marjorie Hessell Tiltman. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE BEAUTY OF BRITAIN, by various authors. *Batsford.* 5*s.*

THE COUNTRYMAN'S ENGLAND, by Dorothy Hartley. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE HEART OF ENGLAND by Ivor Brown. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

CLASSIC books in praise of England are rarities; beside the fictional and poetic mountains of English literature the works of Hudson, Jefferies, Thomas, White, Cobbett and company appear like the chance upthrowings of a colony of modest literary moles. This famine in rural classics has in the past been equalled only by a public famine in rural interest. Why then the sudden crop of books in enthusiastic if not classic praise of the countryside, and the fat, if not fine, harvest of public interest and pleasure in country life? The word "country" in each of these cases ought to be qualified by the word "English," for we hear little of Irish country life except in the works of Irish poets and novelists, and it is very rare indeed that a company of Scots writers are induced, as they have been in *Scottish Country*, to gather together and praise their native land from Tweed to Sutherland and even beyond that to the Orkneys and Shetlands and the Outer Isles. From these essays one gathers that the Scottish scene changes very little from year to year, except to decay; and the same reflection is prompted by the work of such a writer as Mr. Sean O'Faoláin, whose stories are set in scenes drenched in a melancholy Irish loveliness that even a revolution could not change. Why then this sudden desire on the part of the English to praise their country with such fervour, unless it is that they have suddenly found it changing so quickly that if they do not praise it soon they may never be able to praise it at all?

For the English countryside, as more than one writer in *English Country* pointed out a year ago, is changing, except in favoured and remote parts, with a rapidity that means something far worse than the decay which one Scottish writer sees and laments so bitterly in the Highlands, a rapidity which may mean in fact the wholesale disintegration, except for the acres in National Trust, of all the countryside so fervently and rapturously and even sentimentally praised by Miss Tiltman and Miss Hartley, and Messrs. Brown, Priestley and company, to say nothing of the army of photographers who have supplied the illustrations to their already illustrious text. To two of these volumes Mr. Priestley has contributed a preface, over-praising Mr. Ivor Brown in one and touching on the fringe of this very problem of insidious change in the other. "There can be few parts of the world," he says, "in which commercial greed and public indifference have combined to do more damage than they have done here. We have been hard at it fouling our nest for a long time now. The process continues."

The process continues, but Mr. Priestley stops, and these are almost the only

words of indignation contained in the whole 800 pages of these four books. True, *The Heart of England* contains many photographs of what are scarcely prize beauty-spots, but any bitterness of comment on them is as conspicuous as the merits of the book itself, which is as flabby a piece of writing as ever appeared outside the pages of a small-town newspaper. The characterless nature of Mr. Brown's thought and style is indeed astounding, and this book is very little better than the "churning out of that tenth-rate descriptive stuff, rehashing of old rubbish," against which Mr. Hugh Macdiarmid declaims in his vigorous, thoughtful, indignant essay on the Shetland Isles, a piece of admirable writing only matched in these volumes by Mr. Ian Macpherson's account of his grandfather's life and his own in the central Highlands. "When my grandfather married he had one cow, a bit of ground, a house, a bed, a box for a table, a seat of divots beside the fire for his wife, a bench of divots on which he could stretch his legs for himself. "The times were bitter hard . . . I've seen when there wasn't a boll of meal between all the houses in Craithie in New Year's time. I remember it fine. No early ripening oats then, Ian. And all the men out playing shinty in the snow. There wasn't a doctor in the country either. What did they do when they were sick? Do what they do now, get better or die and be damned to them."

"Nevertheless," comments Mr. Macpherson, "the country was gay." Why gay he does not explain, but the parallel clearly exists in England to-day. The countryside, odd though it may seem when we look at the lovely photographs of lovely places in *The Beauty of Britain* and its companion volumes, is suffering a sea-change into ugliness and provincialism and jerry-building that very few, least of all these writers, appear inclined to arrest. In the Highlands times were bitter hard, but the country was gay. In England the country becomes urbanised, but its writers rhapsodise. How is it? Can it be that the country, more accessible than at any time in its history, is at last not only fashionable but also a paying proposition?

It might be possible to answer "Yes" if it were not for the possession of some of the knowledge contained in Miss Tiltman's *English Earth*, a detailed, lively and enthusiastic account of the revolution now taking place in English agriculture and English country life in general, a book in which the reader may find out for himself why he pays half a crown for a bunch of irises in Piccadilly while a man in the Scilly Islands scythes down irises by the thousand in order to cut his losses. The economics of pigs, beef, chickens, eggs, cider, bread, apples and many more agricultural products are dealt with in this book by a writer who, though she loves her country, does not thereby believe it to be above her own or any other criticism. And here, perhaps, is the heart of the trouble. We are surfeited with a worship of beauty. And I for one long for the publication of *This Hideous England*, a work of indignation which, however, appears about as likely to be born as the legislation which might prevent its title becoming history.

THE ARYAN PATH
Vol. VI No. 8
PRINCIPAL AUGUST CONTENTS
RACE RELATIONS - - - - - Lord Olivier
A TORCH OF DARKNESS - - Maurice Samuel
GOOD LIFE IN A SICK WORLD - - Irwin Edman
POETRY AND CHILDREN - - - R. L. Mégroz
LEARNING FROM CHILDREN Hugh de Selincourt
PROBLEM OF EVIL
I. In the Romantic School - - Mlle. C. Chonez
II. An Indian Point of View - J. M. Kumarappa
Subscription Terms: £1 per year; 10/ half year.
2/- single copy (post free).
17, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE,
MARBLE ARCH, W.1.

IRELAND IN PARTITION

By HUGH E. LAW

PEACE BY ORDEAL, by Frank Packenham. *Cape.* 15*s.*

WITH HORACE PLUNKETT IN IRELAND, by R. A. Anderson. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

FACING THE IRISH QUESTION, by W. S. Armour. *Duckworth.* 5*s.*

MR. PACKENHAM has done what I had thought impossible. Having for material the intricate and highly technical details of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, he has made of it a story as exciting as a really good detective novel. Regarded merely as a faithful record of what happened, his book will always have value. But that which chiefly distinguishes it is imaginative sympathy. We are not only reminded of what this or that man did during the fateful weeks preceding the Treaty, but enabled to understand or at least to guess why he did it. Nor does its interest lie chiefly in the past. Four of the protagonists are dead, and of those who took part in the Conference, not one now holds office in either country. Nevertheless the problem these men tried so hard, and for the most part so selflessly to solve, is still with us, its essence unchanged: "how (in the words of the original invitation) the association of Ireland with the Community of Nations known as the British Empire may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." Mr. Packenham leaves us in no doubt of his own answer. It can be done, he says in effect, if England will even now leave Ireland free to choose her own form of government, without pressure direct or indirect; agreeing at the same time to substitute for the theoretical bond of common allegiance the practical bond of reciprocal citizenship. The old symbols of Empire, he argues, have worn thin and no longer correspond with reality. Whatever its advantages, even as defined and augmented in recent years, Dominionism was and must always be a misfit when applied to Ireland, herself a mother country, not a colony. "External association would provide a sensible, a compelling alternative", neither increasing nor diminishing the substance of Irish freedom, but rendering it for the first time a source of strength to the Commonwealth.

In all this I see but one point for adverse criticism. The author seems to me to lay too much stress upon Irish Republicanism (by no means the same thing, either now or formerly, as Irish Nationalism), and too little upon the stranglehold of Ulster. In his brief Chronology one finds two almost successive entries: "January, 1919, Republic Established"; "June, 1921, Ulster Government comes into existence under the Act of 1920". Now it so happens that I was myself in Dublin in January, 1919; and neither then, nor at any later time, did I learn that a Republic had been established in Ireland. That a Republic was declared in 1919, as in 1916, is true enough. But surely the distinction is of some substance. At no General Election either before or after January, 1919, has the issue of a Republic been plainly put to, much less approved by, the people of Ireland. The establishment of a *de facto* government in Belfast belongs to quite another category. It was this solid insurmount-

able fact—combined with a too optimistic view of what might be expected from the Boundary Commission—which drove Griffith and Collins into a last minute acceptance of Dominion Status, and was the excuse, if not the real ground, of Mr. Lloyd George's one great blunder—a blunder, that is, if he desired not merely an immediate but a lasting settlement—the ultimatum of December 5th. To secure the essentials of reunion, even Mr. de Valera was willing to accept much that was repugnant to him. In the event both the supporters and the opponents of the Treaty found themselves cheated of reunion and committed, perhaps inevitably, to civil war.

Does the Ulster veto stand? If the North-East is willing—no matter with what reservations in respect of legislative and administrative powers or inter-commonwealth relations—to acknowledge Irish unity, then we can get on. If not, no settlement anyone can devise will even begin to approach finality. Alas! the answer given, if only by implication, by Mr. Armour, could hardly be more discouraging. An Ulsterman, son to a well-known Presbyterian minister, Armour of Ballymoney, Mr. Armour returned to Belfast a year after the establishment of the Northern Parliament, having spent some twelve years as a Civil servant in India, and having subsequently visited many other parts of the Empire. In Belfast he became first a leader-writer, then editor of one of the two chief Unionist newspapers, the *Northern Whig*. His observations at home and abroad have led him, briefly to these conclusions; first, that Belfast still stands for a conception of Imperial ascendancy abandoned by England, as regards her overseas colonies, in 1783, and as regards Ireland itself in 1921; secondly, that the worst sufferers are not, as one would expect, the Northern Catholics who, though subjected to many social disabilities, "in their minds are free", but the Northern Protestants, condemned as these are by continuous pressure of regimented opinion to almost complete political inertia. There are, he tells us, only two safe topics for the Ulster journalist, the poverty and lawlessness of the Free State and the virtue and wisdom of the six counties. Thus, if he is to be believed—and his little book bears all the marks of sincerity and sound judgment—Belfast suffers as much from lack of criticism as Dublin from excess. Ulster might yet save all Ireland for the Commonwealth; but so long as good will to the Free State is accounted in Belfast "a dangerous subject," hope must be still deferred.

And yet, as Mr. Anderson's fine tribute to his friends and fellow workers reminds us, good will, if seldom allowed public expression, is not unknown among us. Since 1921, the Irish Agricultural Organization Society has itself suffered a partition; but the spirit of co-operation knows nothing of State boundaries. From first to last, Sir Horace Plunkett's helpers were drawn from every quarter of Ireland, and from every political and religious section; nor would it be easy to say who, among them, did most for the cause, Father Finlay, the Dublin Jesuit, Lord Monteagle the Limerick landowner, or A. E., the Ulster poet. If upon "R. A." himself, first and latest left of Plunkett's earlier disciples in Munster, fell the chief burden of the earlier years, his loyalty, devotion and energy found their match, by his own generous testimony, in the youngest of them all, Harold Barbour of County Antrim. All these and many others served a common ideal and a common country. "Above all," Mr. Anderson writes, summing up the purposes of the movement to which he has given his life, "the founders aimed at the inculcation of charity, the greatest of all the virtues, without which neither State nor people can prosper".

DON FERNANDO, by Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

As one would expect, this book on the figures of the Spanish Golden Age is a skilful, intelligent and marketable blend of story-telling, reminiscence and commentary. There is little that is profound in it—Mr. Maugham, of course, does not believe in the profound—but much that is acute and pleasing; and anyone who is interested in Spanish things will profit by his comments. Their clever suggestiveness has a spell which lulls all protest against their often preposterous inadequacy, until the book is put down and reflection begins. Then one discovers that "Don Fernando" tells a great deal more about Mr. Maugham than about Spain.

In his youth he went romantically to Seville and there conceived the idea of writing a romantic novel about the Spain of the golden century. He read. He went from city to city evoking the past. He stood in taverns, he struggled through the tedious picaresque novels, he pondered the passionate life of Lope de Vega, the terrifying, grotesque conversion of Loyola, the vicissitudes of Cervantes, and gazed at the Grecos. But nothing came of it—nothing until this book, which is certainly no romantic evocation but the work of the Maugham we know; astringent, intelligent, a little vulgar, a little commonplace, well-informed and uncommonly well put together.

Why is one struck by the inadequacy of Mr. Maugham in this book more than in others? The explanation lies in his own excellent definition of the Spanish genius:—

> Their pre-eminence was great, but it lay in another direction; it was a pre-eminence of character. In this I think we have been surpassed by none and equalled only by the ancient Romans. It looks as though all the energy, all the originality of this vigorous race had been disposed to one end and one end only, the creation of man. It is not in art they excelled, they excelled in what is greater than art—in man. But it is thought that has the last word.

He is saying that they are essentially a passionate people. Passion is utterly lacking in Mr. Maugham; they excelled in creating man and Mr. Maugham has never—except, perhaps, in the best Ashenden stories—gone deeper than those conventional anonymities, the man of the world or the man in the street. His disillusion is merely a defensive pose; it is no genuine disillusion; his scepticism, amusing as it is, is the pseudo-scepticism of failure in sympathy; his realism the most elementary if efficient of simplifications; his tolerance, too cool-headed to be a genuine tolerance; his weariness is the grey weariness of one who is tired of staying in hotels.

Such a temper does not prevent a writer who has a sense of the dignity of his trade and a trained intelligence from possessing outstanding powers. It means merely that he will be satisfied with the trick of reversing the conventional view on any subject—for example, Mr. Maugham's plays and novels have been content with the simple reversal of the conventional view of the white man sent out East. In this Spanish book he turns the picture of the mystical, religious El Greco inside out, and so produces an El Greco who must be as close a copy of Mr. Maugham himself as he has ever done! Cervantes is similarly "debunked." Cervantes, Mr. Maugham says, understood the character of Don Quixote so little that he makes him do something which "everybody knows" he could not do: confess on his deathbed that he had invented the account of his adventure in the Cave of Montesinos. But surely "everybody knows" nothing of the sort. The lunacy, the idealism, the mysticism contained in the character of Don Quixote is more subtly de-

lineated than the realistic Mr. Maugham thinks. Superficially detached and ironical, Mr. Maugham here reveals a purely sentimental view of Don Quixote as a kind of Spanish George Washington who could not tell a lie. This kind of view is as ill-considered as is the argument that El Greco had no religious fervour because he painted the same saints over and over again. Mr. Maugham may be right about the fervour, but the reasons will not bear a moment's investigation.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DICKENS. HIS LETTERS TO HER. Edited by Walter Dexter. *Constable.* 10s.

THE hypersensitiveness of the Dickens family, with regard to the matrimonial differences of their parents, has quite unwittingly done considerable disservice to an illustrious memory. Secrecy has led to suspicion, suspicion to gossip, and a perfectly simple case of temperamental incompatibility has been exaggerated out of all reasonable relation to the truth. The publication of these letters should lay the ghost for ever; and all loyal Dickensians will rejoice that they are now given to the world under the editorship of one of the best-informed and most discriminating authorities upon the life and works of the best-beloved of all Victorian novelists.

Charles Dickens separated from his wife in 1858, and died twelve years later, leaving a will containing references to the mother of his many children which certainly lacked something of chivalry and generosity. Mrs. Dickens survived him by another nine years, having endured in dignified silence such gossip as may have reached her. But she, in her turn, left her testimony to the public, in the shape of a large budget of her husband's letters, which she hoped would some day see the light, and bear witness that "he once loved her." These letters have been guarded until the last of Dickens's children has died; and, now that they are published, the only wonder is that they should ever have been suppressed. They make no revelations. The man-with-the-muck-rake will find nothing here to titillate his prurient curiosity. But they are letters which ought to be preserved, partly for their biographical details, and more conspicuously for the light they throw upon the character and temperament of the writer. They are now edited with scrupulous care by Mr. Walter Dexter, editor of *The Dickensian*, who out of his exhaustive knowledge of the Dickens Circle has supplied brief but informative notes clearing up every elusive reference. The work could not have been better done, and the volume is an indispensable addition to every bookshelf of Dickensiana.

"The Inimitable Boz" (as he loved to style himself) was not an inimitable correspondent, and these letters will never take their place among the masterpieces of their kind. Dickens was too self-conscious, too much of the showman, the actor, the professional impresario, to lose himself in his letters, and in so losing to reveal himself to his correspondent. It may be that these letters will not be held, by the unsympathetic reader, to increase the general affection for their writer; even in the "little language" of the early love-missives there may be traced an air of patronage and (possibly) of pose. Most certainly, when it comes to a question of arguing or remonstrating, Dickens has an annoying way of mounting his high horse. He writes as though he were writing to a child; and that, perhaps, so far as a mental incapacity to keep pace with his own feverish energy is concerned, was exactly what he was doing.

For, when all is said and done, these letters reveal a very ordinary situation —the difficulty of an adored and spoiled

public favourite to subject himself to the simple give-and-take of private, domestic life. The trouble was nothing but that,—incompatibility of temper and will. Dickens lived upon admiration; it was essential to his work; he could not work without it. He must be "the Inimitable," or nothing. But by his own fireside no man can be "the Inimitable"; and it was just Dickens's inability to throw off the mantle of the public hero that made such havoc of his peace at home. No doubt, his wife's mild and somewhat unintelligent complacency was the worst thing he could have found awaiting him, when he rushed home from a banquet or a reading, where he had been overwhelmed with eulogy, or almost drowned out with tearful sentiment. Home was like a damp sponge. The boyish romance had vanished; the passion was spent; the companionship that remained was flat and inadequate. That is the plain secret of this pitiable little story—a story which is being repeated all the time, all the world over, wherever genius is found "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." And now that the record is signed and sealed, it is to be hoped that gossip will be silenced once and for ever.

ARTHUR WAUGH

A HISTORY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, by Arthur Irwin Dasent. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

FORTY years ago Mr. Dasent wrote his *History of St. James's Square.* That work was a standing example of careful documentation and an intensive study of the rate books, by which the author was enabled to trace every successive occupier of each house in the quadrate that inaugurated the development of the West End. Mr. Dasent has now produced a book which is, as it were, a companion volume to that valuable work—a book which in its way is as valuable, for it is written much on the same lines as its forerunner, and not only records the topographical and historic annals of every residence in this the outstanding monument of Sir Richard Grosvenor's creation of a still more westerly West End, but contains in an appendix a complete list of every occupant in the square from its formation in 1728 till last year. Only those who are acquainted with the vagaries present in the old rate books and who also remember the confusion created by re-numbering, and here and there the division of a single house into two or its restoration to a single residence, can, I think, realize the difficulty of producing so remarkably accurate a work as Mr. Dasent has achieved; and he is to be congratulated on having added such a book to the already vast number dealing with London's topography and having thus laid us all under a deep obligation.

When one reads through the list of

G. K. CHESTERTON

The Well and the Shallows

Ready in September. 7s. 6d. net

Forty essays mainly concerned with Religion and Philosophy, with special reference to everything that is now happening.

SHEED & WARD,
31, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

those who have lived in the splendid houses which form Grosvenor Square, one seems to be perusing the pages of the peerage. Many of these titled occupiers have not only bulked largely in social annals as great territorial magnates, but have in some cases made names which will survive the personal pages of *Burke* and *Debrett*. But it is a curious fact that, compared with St. James's Square, compared indeed with many less impressive residential centres, the outstanding names connected with Grosvenor Square are in the main those whose possessors were but fortuitously associated with it: Nelson, for instance, who stayed with the Hamiltons at No. 2 when they rented it for a year from William Beckford; and Dr. Johnson, who visited the Thrales at No. 37, but who refused to occupy a room there specially prepared for him by his friendly hosts. In this connection one is glad to see that Mr. Dasent draws attention to the fact, which should be known at least to London topographers, but which is being constantly mis-stated by newspaper writers, that it was not from the doors of Chesterfield House that the great lexicographer was repulsed, as recorded in his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, but from those of No. 45 which the great Earl occupied before he went to the house Isaac Ware erected for him in Park Lane.

Among notable occupants, whose names will survive in the history of the country, one finds those of Lord Lytton, the novelist; Lord North, George III's Prime Minister; the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury; the Marquess of Dufferin, ambassador and proconsul; and the late Earl of Balfour. There are, of course, many others who have at least been temporarily notable, and among them was certainly that great leader of fashion and once outstanding social personality, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, who was living, in 1857, at No. 46, appropriately next door to the mansion where her male eighteenth-century counterpart, "The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form," resided in the heyday of his social glory.

E. Beresford Chancellor.

COLLECTED POEMS, by C. Day Lewis. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A TIME TO DANCE, by C. Day Lewis. *Hogarth Press.* 5*s.*

Reading in these two volumes for some weeks past, I have discovered more and more pleasure. Here indeed is a personality whose native expression is verse, whose mind is not impatient to discipline itself with mastering the technique needed to make that verse an intimate, individual self-expression. It is true that here and there Mr. Day Lewis is infected with the political self-consciousness and anxiety which spoils so much of the work of writers of his generation, but how can that be avoided in these mad days, when the torpid human race seems to be stirring in its sleep and turning over to a new position? Even in the verses where Mr. Day Lewis pays a sort of dutiful deference to communistic principle and practice, he endows the horrid problem with poetic value, making the reader share the bewilderment and terror of the fastidious individual faced with the grim fact that sooner or later he must submit to the ugly, optimistic asceticism of mob-culture. With great courage the artist looks to that future.

"Yet living here,
As one between two massing powers I live
Whom neutrality cannot save
Nor occupation cheer.

"None such shall be left alive:
The innocent wing is soon shot down,
And private stars fade in the blood-red dawn
Where two worlds strive."

Reading those two verses, one has a feeling that the poet, caught between Communism and Fascism, is like a gull on the shore, lying with oiled wings, helpless before the advancing tide.

No, it is more pleasant to turn to this poet's joys rather than to his social conscience-searchings. Those joys are perfectly articulated, the beautiful union of wonder and humility at his experience in life, and his rapturous experiment in the workshop of words, finding means to express that experience. For there is no doubt that here is a man completely lost in the joy of his craft. And his joy does not lead him, as G. M. Hopkins was led, to eccentricity. Amongst other things, he has evolved a delightful use of half-rhyme, which combined with subtle assonances and the deft drum-beat of light alliteration, produces orchestral effects entirely satisfactory to the ear of the reader who has been staled both by imitations of the romantics and the reactionary efforts of those moderns whose pseudo-verse is so aptly described by Mr. Richard Aldington as "emotion forgotten in tranquillity."

Listen to this example of Mr. Day Lewis's employment of half-rhyme. Of course, there is more in the verse than that device, which after all is a mechanical contrivance. Note, for instance, the inspired use of the word "serious," and the wry humour with which "obligation" is employed.

"And then, up on High Stoy standing alone,
We saw the excellence of the serious down
That shakes the seasons from its back and bears
No obligation but to wind and stars.
What paroxysm of green can crack those huge
Ribs grown from Chaos, stamped by the Deluge?"

In the evaluation by time of this poet's work, I doubt whether his efforts in jazz-verse, the prosodic fashion of the moment, will command much interest. Indignation, and especially abstract and whipped-up indignation, breeds topical satire and not poetry. I don't think our grandchildren will be moved by

"The hooters are blowing,
No heed let him take;
When baby is hungry
'Tis best not to wake.
Thy mother is crying,
Thy dad's on the dole:
Two shillings a week is
The price of a soul."

But I believe they will be moved by this sonnet, which has no ulterior motive and serves no political purpose.

"This man was strong, and like a sea-cape parted
The tides. There were not continents enough
For all his fledged ambitions. The hardhearted

THE HISTORY
OF THE
ENGLISH
NOVEL
By ERNEST A. BAKER,
D.Lit., M.A.
VOLUME SIX JUST PUBLISHED
The Beginning of the 19th Century—
Edgeworth, Austen, Scott.
PREVIOUS VOLUMES
I The Age of Romance: From the Beginning to the Renaissance.
II The Elizabethan Age and After.
III The later Romances and the Establishment of Realism.
IV Intellectual Realism. From Richardson to Sterne.
V The Novel of Sentiment and the Gothic Romance.
Demy 8vo. Each volume 16/- net.
H. F. & G. WITHERBY
326 High Holborn, W.C.1

Mountains were moved by his explosive
love.
Was young: yet between island and
island
Laid living cable and whispered across
seas:
When he sang, our feathery words fell
silent;
His smile put the fidgeting hours at
ease.

"See him now, a cliff chalk-faced and
crumbling,
Eyes like craters of volcanoes dead;
A miser with the tarnished minutes
fumbling,
A queasy traveller from board to bed:
The voice that charmèd spirits grown
insane
As the barking of dogs at the end of
a dark lane."

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE MISTLETOE CHILD, by Herbert Palmer. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THERE is a photograph in this autobiographical study showing Mr. Herbert Palmer as a child of five. He wears the usual Highland dress with which Victorian mothers loved to embarrass their children and honour their Queen; the hair on top of his head is lifted into an astonishing curl; and in his hands he grasps a long-lashed whip. Mr. Palmer seems to have carried a whip about with him more or less ever since. He makes a frightening noise with it as he lays about him, and now and then he lashes it to very proper purpose. Occasionally one hears it cracking through these pages, but for the most part they are concerned with a faraway world now charmed into perspective by the years.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Palmer's poetry will know how he stands out from his contemporaries as something of a revivalist, conservative, a minstrel in an age of radio, a palmer in a world of motor-cars. This book in a measure explains how he comes to be the kind of poet he is. As he himself says: "we are each one a development or perversion of what we were, and all who were born before the year 1900 belong in some measure to the same England and look back upon the dark hills and shining valleys of the same landscape." But childhood is infinitely various and no two children see the same landscape—or anything else—through the same eyes. This is therefore solely Mr. Palmer's book, his memories, his childhood, and his interpretation of it. As such it is interesting and helpful—though it is too long-drawn-out, in places too tedious and diffuse, to take any considerable place beside such consummate studies of childhood as Mr. Frank Kendon's *The Small Years* or Mr. Herbert Read's *The Innocent Eye.* We see the poet born into a Wesleyan household; coddled by his mother (he was always delicate) and left alone by his father; preferring the harsh mystery of snow to the lush greenery of summer; "crazy on shooting weapons and soldiers"; early questioning those fixed ideas of heaven and hell, right and wrong, which were the cornerstones of the solid house of middle-class Victorian life; mainly unhappy and often rebellious, a child to whom was denied that merciful insensitiveness with which nature protects most children thrust into this pitiless world. As an autobiographical picture it is convincing, even at times it indulges in unnecessary flights of fancy. "Wild with delight," he said, "I leaped after (the ball), waist-high among the grasses, my petticoats flouncing in the breeze. Somehow in a brief half-hour I had solved the mystery of existence." And there are occasional hints of that rationalising film which invariably falls over the memories of childhood in later years.

There are hints, also, of a rather perverse determination to prefer the world that was to the world that is.

Mr. Palmer never stoops to the level of "Now in my young days . . ." but he does make it quite clear that he has more sympathy for the England of his youth than for the England of his maturity. He seems to condone the drunkenness of Staffordshire because "the beer was sounder and honester stuff than that served today." But drunkenness is drunkenness whatever the brew. "There was a Sunday post in the morning," he said, "and after that there was wonderful silence." But wasn't it the silence of an awful stagnation? As for the Victorian era itself "the worst that you can say for it is that it was wrong-headed, raw and cindery." But can you say much worse of today? This all savours rather of sentimentalism. The truth is, of course, that it is false to contrast the world as we experienced it in our youth with the world as we experience it today. Mr. Palmer's book, in fact, would have been much more enjoyable to read if he had confined himself entirely to the simple statement of his unadulterated memories. It would also have been a much shorter book—but in the matter of childhood memories a sack of corn is worth a whole stack of straw. And Mr. Palmer can give us the corn all right when he likes.

C. HENRY WARREN.

ODD MAN OUT, by Douglas Goldring. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

THE title chosen by Mr. Goldring for his autobiography—memorable though it is as a title—has perhaps a tone of pessimism, but pessimism is notably absent from the book itself. It has indignation, exasperation and disappointment, but in greater measure than these it has a wise tolerance, a sharp sense of humour, a witty tongue and an unquenchable gusto. It is these qualities that make the book so lively and so personal. Some readers of Mr. Wells's fine autobiography were disappointed to discover that, as the second volume progressed, so the author, as a private individual, receded, until at last (to misquote Yeats) he hid his face amid a crowd of politics and sociology. In Mr. Goldring's book there is here and there a good deal of both, but the author and his personal history are not obscured but illuminated by them. The novelist and individual never lapse into the mere social philosopher—the mere Loud Speaker. He remains to the end a student of character and a lover of his kind, with a keen awareness of the world about him. It is, in fact, his novelist's feeling for character—personal and racial—that give his book its special flavour. An example of this and of his penetrating humour occurs in his account of his own origins.

No two people could have been more hopelessly incompatible by temperament, family background, race and upbringing than my parents. As is so often the case when Celt and Saxon mingle, while each could forgive the faults of the other,

NOW IS THE TIME

If you wish to keep abreast with Modern Thought and Affairs, you will find my catalogues extremely helpful.

Books for the Student and General Reader alike—all at BARGAIN PRICES.

Lists gratis.

THOMAS J. GASTON,
76 STRAND, W.C.2
Phone: TEM. 3048

neither could instinctively appreciate or even tolerate the other's virtues. My father . . . was himself the offspring of a "mixed marriage". His children have had to reconcile the instincts of the grasping Celtic Nonconformist with those of rake-helly foxhunting English aristocrats and genial, hospitable, middle-class Londoners. If I had followed my mother's wishes and become a Christian missionary, instead of, to my own undoing, a politieal one, I feel certain I should have stood the cannibals drinks all round and, perhaps, inaugurated a race meeting for the local zebras. It is the children of mixed marriages, born of opposed and often highly antagonistic blood strains, who find life most difficult to cope with and, like the chameleon on the Highland plaid, come most frequently to grief in their attempts to adjust themselves to it.

No doubt it is his feeling for character that has made him peculiarly sensitive to the special qualities of social periods —the post-ninety decade of his youthful days as journalist, editor, publisher and man-about-town in London; the war years, more especially as they affected Ireland; the hectic twenties which, as he says, ended abruptly with the World Crisis of 1929, and lastly the more sober years that have followed. Each of these periods he brings sharply into focus, with the result that we receive vivid and strongly differentiated impressions of them all.

As assistant to Ford Madox Ford on the *English Review*, he came in contact with many of the best writers, old and young, of the pre-war years. We have glimpses, some brief, others more intimate, of Hardy, Conrad, Cunninghame Graham, Watts-Dunton, Max, Flecker, D. H. Lawrence, and many others. A whole chapter is devoted to Flecker and another to Lawrence, each throwing yet another sidelight on its subject. Part Two of the book, which deals with Ireland, gives, on the one hand, a delightful picture of the pleasant, easy social life in Dublin, and, on the other, a grim account of the horrors of repression which followed the Dublin revolt. His conviction that he has been heavily handicapped in his ambitions—that he is an Odd Man who has suffered the odd man's fate—is stated without arrogance or querulousness. Throughout the book we find ourselves in contact with a man who enjoys life, hates cruelty and injustice, has a genuine enthusiasm for good literature and an affection for his fellow men, for whose idiosyncrasies he has a broad and humorous tolerance.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT: Principles and Practice, by R. D'Oyly Hemingway (Hafren). *Heath Cranton.* 6*s.*

Fly Fishing for Trout is an excellent little handbook and guide for beginners, who will find therein answers to all the little points which it is so often and so irritatingly taken for granted that they know. It should find a place of honour on the expert's bookshelf too, as although it contains nothing that could be called controversial, it will be a very well informed angler who cannot pick up some really useful tips from its pages.

Tackle makers might with advantage study the chapter on "The outfit." For instance, how many first-class rods are fitted with far too small a top ring? And how many tackle shops are prepared to show a customer how properly to test a rod by the very excellent methods suggested by "Hafren"?

The selection of an initial stock of flies is interesting, six wet and ten dry, and every angler will agree that the choice is a good one. One supposes that "Hafren" is too great a purist to add a "Tup" and a "Silver Drake" to the "Wets."

There is only one suggestion of difference with the author in his recipe for cleaning a trout before cooking it. The firmness and flakiness of the flesh will be greatly enhanced if a clean dry towel is used and no water.

L. C. W.

BURMESE DAYS, by George Orwell. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

WIGS ON THE GREEN, by Nancy Mitford. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

POLLY OLIVER, by A. E. Coppard. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SURPRISING RESULTS, by Ronald Fraser. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SEVERAL years ago Mr. George Orwell wrote a vivid and horrifying autobiography called *A Down and Out in Paris and London.* His book was first-hand, surprising and (I seem to remember) ferociously gay. He relished, as a writer, the squalor of the worst paid jobs, the brutality of employers, the comedy, in mean lodgings and even meaner outdoor shifts, of living on the fringe of work. His second book was a novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter,* which I did not read. *Burmese Days* is another novel, and I recommend it to all those who enjoy a lively hatred in fiction.

The Europeans of Kyauktada, eight in number, met at " the Club " to drink gin, to exchange dirty stories, deplore the fall of the Raj, and sniff round one another with grinning suspicion. It suggests the horrors of a common room in some outlying public school, with the added discomfort of the climate and the pressure of an indolent native population. We see the characters of various people, mostly unamiable, hardening into premature boredom and decay. Frayed nerves and a weather-beaten exterior, moral bankruptcy and the need for keeping a firm hand—it is true, no doubt, of uncongenial lives everywhere ; but in the isolation of Burma (conveyed with glaring realism) the false heartiness and idiotic talk of these exiles become hectically squalid ; pathetic, too, the attempts at decency or bringing off a love affair, for which drink, *Punch* and *La Vie Parisienne* under the Club punkah have been accepted as substitutes. For, of course, the great thing is to keep going—and the " Bolshevism " of Flory, an English political black sheep, is as futile as the Conservatism of the others. He tries to get an Indian doctor into the Club, but his nerve fails in face of the " dirty nigger " attitude. By an admirable stroke of irony, Mr. Orwell makes Flory and the Doctor, a pompous plump little Hindu, argue at cross-purposes. Flory sneers at public schools, British rule and the ideal of the gentleman ; Dr. Murkhaswami is as contemptuous of his own race, but has a fanatical respect for the English character. Their friendship, the arguments which always take the same course, are excellent comedy ; these two, in fact, are the only characters in the book whom one can genuinely like. *Burmese Days* is something of a heat-wave in current English fiction, but if you can stand the glare and the revelation of shabbiness and drooping spirits, it is the most impressive novel of the five.

Wigs on the Green is a delightfully fresh farce by an author who likes England. The book is too nonsensical to be a satire on the upper classes or the English brand of Fascism, but it avoids the fault of most farce by being about something more than the inanities of English conversation. Mr. Wodehouse is a dangerous and compelling model. The humour of *Wigs on the Green* owes nothing at all to him ; Miss Mitford has a sharp wit of her own ; her scope includes sex and politics, as well as country houses, pub crawling, and the local pageant. She has given a new twist to the comedy of fortune hunting : there is even a touch of criminality in the irresponsible actions of her characters. And she writes extremely well.

After these two novels, one a scorcher, the other as cool as gin and ginger-beer, I found the remaining stories rather flat. Mr. Coppard, I suppose, is an expert in his particular kind of fancy and jocosity ; but it is not a kind I admire. *Polly Oliver* contains a dozen stories, some of them, it seemed to me, rather thin,

neither could instinctively appreciate or even tolerate the other's virtues. My father . . . was himself the offspring of a "mixed marriage". His children have had to reconcile the instincts of the grasping Celtic Nonconformist with those of rake-helly foxhunting English aristocrats and genial, hospitable, middle-class Londoners. If I had followed my mother's wishes and become a Christian missionary, instead of, to my own undoing, a political one, I feel certain I should have stood the cannibals drinks all round and, perhaps, inaugurated a race meeting for the local zebras. It is the children of mixed marriages, born of opposed and often highly antagonistic blood strains, who find life most difficult to cope with and, like the chameleon on the Highland plaid, come most frequently to grief in their attempts to adjust themselves to it.

No doubt it is his feeling for character that has made him peculiarly sensitive to the special qualities of social periods —the post-ninety decade of his youthful days as journalist, editor, publisher and man-about-town in London; the war years, more especially as they affected Ireland; the hectic twenties which, as he says, ended abruptly with the World Crisis of 1929, and lastly the more sober years that have followed. Each of these periods he brings sharply into focus, with the result that we receive vivid and strongly differentiated impressions of them all.

As assistant to Ford Madox Ford on the *English Review*, he came in contact with many of the best writers, old and young, of the pre-war years. We have glimpses, some brief, others more intimate, of Hardy, Conrad, Cunninghame Graham, Watts-Dunton, Max, Flecker, D. H. Lawrence, and many others. A whole chapter is devoted to Flecker and another to Lawrence, each throwing yet another sidelight on its subject. Part Two of the book, which deals with Ireland, gives, on the one hand, a delightful picture of the pleasant, easy social life in Dublin, and, on the other, a grim account of the horrors of repression which followed the Dublin revolt. His conviction that he has been heavily handicapped in his ambitions—that he is an Odd Man who has suffered the odd man's fate—is stated without arrogance or querulousness. Throughout the book we find ourselves in contact with a man who enjoys life, hates cruelty and injustice, has a genuine enthusiasm for good literature and an affection for his fellow men, for whose idiosyncrasies he has a broad and humorous tolerance.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT: Principles and Practice, by R. D'Oyly Hemingway (Hafren). *Heath Cranton.* 6*s.*

Fly Fishing for Trout is an excellent little handbook and guide for beginners, who will find therein answers to all the little points which it is so often and so irritatingly taken for granted that they know. It should find a place of honour on the expert's bookshelf too, as although it contains nothing that could be called controversial, it will be a very well informed angler who cannot pick up some really useful tips from its pages.

Tackle makers might with advantage study the chapter on "The outfit." For instance, how many first-class rods are fitted with far too small a top ring? And how many tackle shops are prepared to show a customer how properly to test a rod by the very excellent methods suggested by "Hafren"?

The selection of an initial stock of flies is interesting, six wet and ten dry, and every angler will agree that the choice is a good one. One supposes that "Hafren" is too great a purist to add a "Tup" and a "Silver Drake" to the "Wets."

There is only one suggestion of difference with the author in his recipe for cleaning a trout before cooking it. The firmness and flakiness of the flesh will be greatly enhanced if a clean dry towel is used and no water.

L. C. W.

BURMESE DAYS, by George Orwell. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

WIGS ON THE GREEN, by Nancy Mitford. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

POLLY OLIVER, by A. E. Coppard. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SURPRISING RESULTS, by Ronald Fraser. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SEVERAL years ago Mr. George Orwell wrote a vivid and horrifying autobiography called *A Down and Out in Paris and London.* His book was first-hand, surprising and (I seem to remember) ferociously gay. He relished, as a writer, the squalor of the worst paid jobs, the brutality of employers, the comedy, in mean lodgings and even meaner outdoor shifts, of living on the fringe of work. His second book was a novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter,* which I did not read. *Burmese Days* is another novel, and I recommend it to all those who enjoy a lively hatred in fiction.

The Europeans of Kyauktada, eight in number, met at " the Club " to drink gin, to exchange dirty stories, deplore the fall of the Raj, and sniff round one another with grinning suspicion. It suggests the horrors of a common room in some outlying public school, with the added discomfort of the climate and the pressure of an indolent native population. We see the characters of various people, mostly unamiable, hardening into premature boredom and decay. Frayed nerves and a weather-beaten exterior, moral bankruptcy and the need for keeping a firm hand—it is true, no doubt, of uncongenial lives everywhere ; but in the isolation of Burma (conveyed with glaring realism) the false heartiness and idiotic talk of these exiles become hectically squalid ; pathetic, too, the attempts at decency or bringing off a love affair, for which drink, *Punch* and *La Vie Parisienne* under the Club punkah have been accepted as substitutes. For, of course, the great thing is to keep going—and the " Bolshevism " of Flory, an English political black sheep, is as futile as the Conservatism of the others. He tries to get an Indian doctor into the Club, but his nerve fails in face of the " dirty nigger " attitude. By an admirable stroke of irony, Mr. Orwell makes Flory and the Doctor, a pompous plump little Hindu, argue at cross-purposes. Flory sneers at public schools, British rule and the ideal of the gentleman ; Dr. Murkhaswami is as contemptuous of his own race, but has a fanatical respect for the English character. Their friendship, the arguments which always take the same course, are excellent comedy ; these two, in fact, are the only characters in the book whom one can genuinely like. *Burmese Days* is something of a heat-wave in current English fiction, but if you can stand the glare and the revelation of shabbiness and drooping spirits, it is the most impressive novel of the five.

Wigs on the Green is a delightfully fresh farce by an author who likes England. The book is too nonsensical to be a satire on the upper classes or the English brand of Fascism, but it avoids the fault of most farce by being about something more than the inanities of English conversation. Mr. Wodehouse is a dangerous and compelling model. The humour of *Wigs on the Green* owes nothing at all to him ; Miss Mitford has a sharp wit of her own ; her scope includes sex and politics, as well as country houses, pub crawling, and the local pageant. She has given a new twist to the comedy of fortune hunting : there is even a touch of criminality in the irresponsible actions of her characters. And she writes extremely well.

After these two novels, one a scorcher, the other as cool as gin and ginger-beer, I found the remaining stories rather flat. Mr. Coppard, I suppose, is an expert in his particular kind of fancy and jocosity ; but it is not a kind I admire. *Polly Oliver* contains a dozen stories, some of them, it seemed to me, rather thin,

others winsomely pretentious. I liked best the stories in which Mr. Coppard did not let his style go: those, in fact, which were least characteristic. No doubt I am incapable of distinguishing this particular taste; for, so far as I see, the book is up to Mr. Coppard's standard.

Surprising Results, also, failed to entertain me. It is a specimen of the artificial Mediterranean comedy which has become a sideline of English fiction since the success of *South Wind* and of Ronald Firbank's novels. Douglas and Firbank do the thing perfectly in their very different ways; the first by means of ironic comedy enforced with scholarship, the second by a poetry as light and entrancing as a Diaghiliv ballet. Mr. Ronald Fraser tries to combine the two; the result is sometimes amusing, but more smart, I think, than witty. There is a parade of the top slang; "so flute, so faun," says one character of another; it also describes the book.

G. W. STONIER.

LAND OF WOMEN, by Katharina von Dombrowski. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

BLACK RIVER, by Carleton Beals. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE authors of both *Land of Women* and *Black River* have set out to paint a vast panorama of life covering a period in the history of the southern countries of America; Paraguay in the one case, Mexico in the other, and both have loaded their canvases with such an embarrassment of detail that the total effect is kaleidoscopic rather than comprehensive. The theme of both novels is, moreover, played throughout to an unceasing obbligato of violence, bloodshed, and cruelty.

Land of Women relates the story of the Dictator of Paraguay, Francisco Solano Lopez, who, goaded on by his lust for power and his greedy Irish-Parisian mistress Madame Lynch, forces his country into a suicidal war with Brazil, the Argentine, and Uruguay. Only when the total man-power of Paraguay is exhausted and women and children have been forced into the trenches to take their place does the country admit defeat and turn on its tyrant. All this is history, but Baroness von Dombrowski brilliantly fills in the background with intimate pictures of the native Guarani Indians, and particularly of their women—those women who could withstand with a kind of frightful passivity the tyranny of torture, disease, and death only to rise again and create a new race to suffer a similiar fate.

It is this sympathetic understanding of the people of whom she writes that gives her book a quality that is missing in *Black River*. One feels that Mr. Beals has chosen Mexico as the venue for his novel for the sake of its "copy", and certainly he has made a good story out of the oil concession scandal that shocked Europe some twenty years ago and left a smear on the reputation of the United States that took more than a Federal Commission of Inquiry to wipe out.

The secret struggle for wealth, under the protective mantle of the Monroe Doctrine, is epitomized in *Black River* by the machinations of Simon J. Bartlett of the CEMOC concern and his hired bully Tom Guard, a deserter from the United States army and ready to do any dirty work that the interests of CEMOC and Big Business dictates. The story hurries on, carrying in its train a host of subsidiary plots and incidents that help to make the book the length it is. Bartlett and Tom Guard are stock figures of the American gangster film, but some of the lesser figures, such as the wretched Mexican Mico with his cowardice, his cunning, and his hopeless infatuation for the courtesan La Paloma show that Mr. Beals can create real characters when the demands of his plot allow him.

M. M.